3948

The Living Age

Vol. 304
From Beginning

Vol. 17
Eighth Series

CONTENTS

A Week of the World 559
French Exegesis of American Politics 565
From Le Correspondant
Eduard Bernstein . . . . . ERICH DOMBROWSKI 570
From the Berliner Tageblatt
The Coöperatives in Russia . . . . . PAUL DUKES 574
From the Times
Belgium and Its Neighbors 577
From the Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung
Warsaw To-day . . . . . P. ADAM 579
From the Journal de Genève
Food and Railway Travel in Russia 580
From the Hamburger Nachrichten
Krupp's as It Is To-day 582
From the Manchester Guardian
The Radical Parties of Germany 585
From the Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung
America's Credit to France . . . . . LOUIS H. AUBERT 589
From Le Figaro

An Old-fashioned English Poet . . . . . MAURICE HEWLETT 591
From the Cornhill Magazine
The Meaning of Dreams . . . . . 'SCIENCE' 595
From Everyman
The Romances of Rider Haggard . . . . . E. C. RASHLEIGH 598
From the English Review
The Novels of Mr. Compton Mackenzie . . . . . JOHN FREEMAN 604
From the London Mercury
The Soldier Comes Homes . . . . . MARGARET L. EYLES 613
From Land and Water
The Arts and Letters 617

A PAGE OF VERSE

Success . . . . . CECIL ROBERTS 620
From To-day
Malediction . . . . . JOHN DRINKWATER 620

Published Every Saturday by

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

$6.00 a year — 41 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston — 15c a copy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

FOR NEXT WEEK WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

Germany Debates Trying the Kaiser: A Public Forum in Berlin, from the *Neue Zurcher Zeitung;* **A German Self-Indictment,** from *Le Temps;* **A Democratic Opinion,** from the *Berliner Tageblatt;* **Clemenceau's Defeat,** from *L'Opinion;* **The Man Clemenceau,** from the *Frankfurter Zeitung;* **Will Europe Go Bankrupt?** from the British *Review of Reviews;* **The Bolshevist Advance on Poland,** from the *Neue Freie Presse;* **Kiel: Then and Now,** from the *Kolnische Zeitung.*

SPIRITUALISM: A Catholic View — *By Father Thurston*

THE ROMANCE OF RHYME — *By Gilbert K. Chesterton*

THE GRANDMOTHER — *By Barbo Delavrancea*

AN ESSAY ON CONTROVERSY — *By Hilaire Belloc*

PERNICIOUS LITERATURE — *By Holbrook Jackson*

SPEECH AND SPELLING

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly, fill out coupon below.

.....

The Living Age,
41 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $6.00 for my subscription to THE LIVING AGE for one year, beginning .....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....CITY.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE
Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844
NO. 3948

MARCH 6, 1920

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

EUROPEANS have always been contented with a rather offhand opinion of America, and in most respects our recent wholesale incursion into their continent has not materially changed this attitude. They were inclined to ignore our domestic politics altogether until they discovered — or imagined — that the way we managed our public affairs had a direct bearing upon the price of butter and rolls along the boulevards. Thereupon the foreign estimate of our political life began to rise and fall inversely as the price of the latter delicacies.

Consequently, the good will or the ill will of Europeans toward us promises — for a time, at least — to depend upon their material well being, for which they now hold us responsible. This may make American politics a more popular study on the other side of the water. It certainly is doing so at the present moment. To a degree quite unprecedented — though not nearly to the extent its members may imagine — our Senate is in the spotlight of the transatlantic press. Indeed, some of the articles that appear abroad upon the treaty debate equal in fervor our most heated campaign literature.

Foreigners are generally more interested in our public men than in our parties — an attitude that we reciprocate. The election of Mr. Wilson, in 1912, was welcomed by the Liberal press of Europe as the dawn of a new era. He was heralded as the first professional scholar to be elevated to the Presidency, and — what was more directly to the point — as a broad-minded, scientific economist who would give European manufacturers most generous treatment in American markets. Wilson and prosperity were, therefore, associated ideas from the very beginning of the former's presidential career.

This impression continued through the war. It afforded a favorable background for the great confidence which was inspired by his peace programme. He was conceived as an economic as well as a political savior. Both hopes have been disappointed, because both were from the outset equally impossible to realize. But Europe still attributes its present distress to the struggle of two opposing forces in our politics — self-centred Americanism represented by the Senate, which in its opinion is the traditional stronghold of trusts and tariffs; and altruistic, idealist America, which it fancied for a period had found a mouthpiece in the President.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now, continental opinion, probably influenced by a closer study of the American press, is discarding so simple an interpretation of public thought and action in our country. The article which introduces this week's selections is representative of a growing current of comment in European journals. *Le Correspondant* is a liberal periodical of mildly clerical leanings, nearly a century old.

ON the occasion of Eduard Bernstein's seventieth birthday, January 6, German newspapers of all political complexions, except the extreme conservatives, noted the fact with friendly comment. We have selected a radical bourgeois appreciation of the Socialist leader, because it describes the man rather than the controversies with which he has been connected. In the present writer's university days, he was introduced to Bernstein by a Russian student friend, who was at that time an ardent Socialist, at the London home of Friedrich Engels. A few months before that I had dined with the family of a distinguished German jurist, a man friendly with Bismarck. On both occasions, the conversation turned upon the social demoralization caused by war. The memory of the conflict with France was still vivid in the minds of both men, though they had viewed that event from opposite social standpoints and at different ages. Both were equally vigorous in condemning militarism and its consequences; and the jurist was even more concrete in his indictments than the Socialist. Bernstein testified to his faith, in 1916, by withdrawing from his party because it continued to support the government. The jurist had already passed away, together with many others of his generation, to whom war, as a present thing, had unveiled its true ugliness.

OUR foreign policies have recently been prolific in subtle distinctions. We made war on the German Government, but not on the German people; and we now have lifted the blockade against the Russian Coöperatives, but not against the Bolshevist dictators of Russia. Sometimes it is hard to discern the concrete facts with which these definitions of diplomatic transcendentalism are related; but still it is interesting to hunt for them. In case of the Coöperatives, we seem to have come up against something solid. All well-informed persons who have been in Russia since Bolshevist rule began, agree in crediting them with having preserved such measure of economic vitality as still survives in that country. Their leaders have for a long period been appealing for a resumption of trade with the United States.

Of course, the rapid increase in nominal capital and turnover, which Mr. Dukes gives, is due partly to the depreciation of the ruble. But we cannot measure that depreciation in local trade by the standards of foreign exchange. It is not unlikely that most coöperative business now is conducted practically through barter. At least, that seems to be the form which the proposed international dealings with those societies will assume.

According to a subsequent statement by Mr. Dukes, published in the *Times*, the Bolsheviki last December, 'realizing the failure of all their communist experiments in the distribution of food, proposed to the Central Coöperative Union in Moscow that in the event of supplies being introduced to Soviet Russia, their distribution should be left to the Coöperatives as an independent organization, and that the People's Banks should be put under their control for these operations.'

Mr. Dukes quite properly comments that this means a resumption of free

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

internal trade and an abandonment of the system of food control (which has promoted a monstrous system of speculation and has been utilized for something resembling a deliberate and calculated effort to starve the bourgeois population). This statement by Mr. Dukes concludes as follows: 'they' (the Coöperative Societies), 'regard themselves as a purely non-political organization. They embrace people of the most divergent political views. They will distribute their commodities to Bolshevist and non-Bolshevist alike. They will be no respecters of persons. In their methods they must be given absolute liberty. They will keep one sole aim in view, namely, supplying the needs of the whole population indiscriminately.

'They are confident that their organizations in Russia are still capable of executing this work. But their attitude in view of possible Bolshevist obstruction is this: if the first consignment fails to reach the people and is seized or devoted to government ends to the detriment of the population, then the Russian Coöperatives themselves will be the first to refuse to send a second consignment to Bolshevist Russia.

'The declared aims of the coöperative movement from its birth have been to further free education; to foster justice; to encourage fruitful labor; to restore *Zemstvo* self-government, which alone can restore order in the provinces; to attract foreign capital to Russia for free and mutually advantageous coöperation in the development of Russia's vast natural resources; to protect Russia, at the same time, from exploitation by speculators and from economic subjection to rapacious capitalist syndicates, Russian or foreign; and to encourage every member of the community to take an equal share in the responsibility of upholding and promoting the prosperity of his country.'

WHILE the recent Belgian elections resulted in a success for the Socialists, and the Clericals for the first time in their history have lost control of Parliament, Premier Delacroix belongs to the latter party. Some people are unaware that a pro-German faction has always existed in Belgium. According to recent reports this sentiment has now divided the Clericals into two hostile factions, the Conservative wing, under the aged minister, Woeste, who was pro-German throughout the war, and a Progressive wing, under Premier Delacroix, whose sentiment toward Germany was anything but friendly, and who is a champion of political and social reforms. The Woeste party bitterly opposed universal suffrage and compulsory school attendance, and is equally hostile to the other reform measures of which these were a prelude.

Belgium's relations with Germany, however, are not likely to be affected by this controversy. The present government at Berlin sympathizes with the domestic policy of the anti-German party in Belgium; and Delacroix has indicated by his brilliant administration of the national finances, that he possesses a shrewd appreciation of the control which economic influences exercise over permanent international policies. Whether or not the latter conviction will shape Belgium's coming relations to Germany in the way the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* predicts, is, of course, an open question.

THE article we publish on Food and Railway Travel in Russia is based upon the report of a German who recently crossed Russia from Eastern Siberia, where he had been interned for four years. It appears to be a matter-of-fact account of food and transportation conditions shortly before the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blockade was lifted. While the latter measure is likely to have little immediate effect upon conditions in the interior of Russia, it may bring speedy relief to the very sections where distress is greatest — the large cities and the region accessible from the former area of Allied occupation south of Archangel.

THE latest London papers express growing concern over the possibility of an alliance between Bolshevism and Islamism for an aggressive campaign against the European powers in Asia. According to the latest reports, the Turks and the Arabs are reconciling their recent differences and delegates from these nationalities are negotiating with Bolshevist representatives in the Caucasus.

Both the French and the Greek forces in Eastern Asia have seen actual fighting during the past month. Recent elections in Turkey resulted in a victory for the young Turks.

MR. LOUIS H. AUBERT, who discusses the question of American credit to France in *Le Figaro*, is intimately familiar with sentiment and conditions in this country. During the war, he was a member of the Mission of the French Republic at Washington. Mr. Millerand's cabinet, now about a month old, promises by its composition a change of policy in the practical and common-sense direction that Mr. Aubert suggests. It is not a cabinet of politicians, but of business men, engineers, and financial experts. The Premier has invited a professional engineer of distinction to become Minister of Railways. He has placed at the head of the Department of Commerce, the President of the Chamber of Commerce of Lyon. The ministry of supplies is placed in charge of a coal expert, and the Department of Agriculture receives as its chief, a man eminent, both by scientific training and experience as a farm engineer.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA seems bent upon reorganizing its church at the same time that it reorganizes its government.

Since the Hussite wars, Bohemia has been a Catholic country. But in spite of difference of faith, Huss has remained a national hero, and a memorial to him is one of the most conspicuous monuments in Prague. Possibly the ancient intimacy between Vienna and the Vatican has always made Czech Nationalists somewhat jealous of the latter's influence. In any case, the movement for independence has carried with it a movement in favor of separating completely Church and State. The new government is exclusively secular, and does not concern itself with the religious affairs of its people. This alone would be a radical innovation. The Czech clergy have always been strongly Nationalist. They were leaders in the effort to preserve the Czech language as a literary vehicle and to defend the autonomous institutions of the kingdom from the encroachment of Vienna. Now that independence has come, their national sentiment has carried many of them beyond the confines of the Roman Church. Some time ago they formed an association called, 'The Club of Reformed Czech Clergy.' The word club was used in the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy to designate political and national groups in Parliament, something like our word caucus, although the two terms are not strictly synonymous. The members of this club, which embraces an important section of the Bohemian priesthood, in several instances renounced their vows of celibacy and were mar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ried by fellow priests; they openly defied the orders of ecclesiastical superiors, conducted church services exclusively in the Czech language, and committed many other breaches of church discipline. On January 8 they held a conference where by a vote of one hundred and forty to sixty-eight they decided to withdraw entirely from the Roman Church, and to found a Catholic National Church to be called, 'The Czecho-Slovakia Church.' The new organization is to be administered by a Church Committee consisting of six priests and six laymen. Its platform — for this seems a more appropriate term than creed — includes separation of Church and State, rejection of Papal authority, freedom of conscience and religious convictions, marriage of priests and a national liturgy.

IN spite of the signing of the treaty, the League of Nations has ceased to be much discussed in European newspapers. *L'Action Français*, a Royalist Daily, in mentioning the League in its comment upon the signing of the treaty says: 'The Council of the League of Nations is nothing more than an International Commission charged with carrying out some of the clauses of the Peace Treaty. Such a commission would have been formed whether we had a League or not. If its name and its programme had been less ambitious, it might have avoided a multitude of difficulties that seem only too likely to present themselves through the inevitable confounding of its administrative functions with political functions.'

However, this journal sees the possibility that the League may possibly serve as an arbitration tribunal similar to that of the Hague. It does not think its functions will extend beyond this modest sphere.

GERMANY received the news of the actual signing of the Peace Treaty rather apathetically. The negotiations had been discussed so thoroughly during the long months of waiting, that nothing new remained to be said. More than that, the man on the street in Germany has troubled himself as little as possible over what was naturally a very disagreeable matter. The document itself is so big, and its provisions are so complicated, that few men have tried to master them. We are told that even members of Parliament and newspaper writers and business leaders are rarely well informed even upon the principal treaty headings. Of course, some details are a matter of common knowledge. Manufacturers have looked up the clauses that affect their particular business. The general public knows what territories must be ceded, though even here their knowledge of actual frontiers often leaves much to be desired. This apathetic attitude is not due to design or lack of interest. It is rather a result of the infinite detail in the treaty itself, and of the mental weariness due to other national preoccupations. When a newspaper man inquired concerning certain points of a prominent official, he was told to 'Go to Erzberger.' Finally, the impression is very prevalent that the treaty will be revised, because experience will show that its provisions are impracticable.

The majority newspapers urge that the conditions (so far as possible) be fulfilled voluntarily, and that no effort be made to secure a revision until the impossibility of complying with a particular requirement has been demonstrated. The people, as a whole, are weary, not only of things recalling the war, but even of things relating to the peace.

THE visit of the delegation of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Quakers to Germany to investigate conditions demanding relief in that country is occupying the attention of the Berlin press. How eager Germany is to renew her understanding with America is indicated by the following comment by so conservative — and during the war anti-American — paper as *Der Tag:*

America's humane intentions should not be viewed solely from the 'square meal' point of view. If we look upon these relief measures from that standpoint alone, we may form over-optimistic hopes of their results. Every German cannot expect to find a generous uncle or a kind friend across the water. But these delegations are a symptom of the times. As such they deserve consideration. After several years of misrepresentation, abuse, and hatred, incidents of this sort come like the first breath of pure air, the first intimation of humane feeling and thinking. Now and then one hears references to a 'revolution of sentiment in America.' We need not expect too much in that way. The Americans are not going to say for a long time, 'Come to our arms, you dear German friends.' But a certain mellowing of sentiment toward Germany is already observable. A person who knows the American nation first hand will realize that the hostility to Germany in the country of Uncle Sam is as real and as natural as will be the gradual reversal of that sentiment. When the reversal comes it will not be due to any German-American leaven. No hyphenated Americanism will accomplish that result. But there is no nation in the world that looks at questions with the same freedom from Old World prepossessions or is more responsive to an appeal to human sympathy. The very worship of common sense, which is characteristic of this young and unspoiled nation, will in time inspire it to tear down the veil of misrepresentation which has clouded its vision. Even the Monroe Doctrine has not sufficed to intoxicate the Americans with the blunt and brutal Chauvinism that is overwhelming France. Quite possibly, the cosmopolitan origin of the nation has served as an antidote to this.

We believe, consequently, that the natural temper of mind of the American people will make them demand the unprejudiced facts, and that they are already beginning to see Germany in the light of this clearer vision. I cannot bring myself to believe that this increasing charity toward Germany is inspired by mere commercial greed for its trade. I prefer to think that the American mind is seeking for the truth itself, and is repelled by the evidence of relentless hatred in the treaty and the desire it manifests to annihilate a people that really sought nothing but to defend its own right to live and its honor in the frightful struggle of nations.

WE recently referred to alleged negotiations between Bulgaria and the Allies during the war. A book has just been published in Berlin by a well-known political writer, Spiridion Gopcevic, entitled, *Austria's Ruin* — the *Result of Franz Joseph's Misrule*, in which the author retells at length Tsar Ferdinand's effort to reinsure his throne, in 1917, by secret negotiations with England and France. He first sent an emissary to Switzerland to get in touch with the Allies. It was his plan to manage the business so as to avoid the appearance of treason to his former associates in arms. The Entente demanded that he appoint a new cabinet and ask for an immediate armistice and peace with the Entente. Ferdinand did not venture an open betrayal of the Central Powers, since matters seemed to be going pretty well for Germany in Russia, so these negotiations were stopped. Subsequent overtures were made in April and in September, 1917, which are described at considerable length. Last of all, a direct appeal was made to Wilson to secure a peace for Bulgaria. Venizelos opposed this bitterly.

IN a more modest way, Greece is encountering the same financial difficulties as the other belligerent states in Europe. The present budget provides for receipts of two hundred and thirty million dollars, of which considerably less than a hundred million dollars will be derived from taxes and the remainder is to be raised by loans. Expenditures are expected to reach three hundred and eight million dollars, more than two thirds of which are for the Army and Navy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic Bi-monthly). *January 25, 1920*]

FRENCH EXEGESIS OF AMERICAN POLITICS

THE foreign policies of the governments we call, by what I imagine is a conventional euphemism, democracies, are the policies of individual men. But in Europe, although these men are endowed with powers more dictatorial than those of any monarch by divine right, they risk being shorn of their authority by vote of Parliament. No such danger threatens the head of the American state. Its President, though invested with excessive powers, is both ruler and premier combined. He can govern at will, like an absolute autocrat, even with a majority of Congress against him. America's foreign policy in regard to China, to Mexico, to Europe, is Mr. Wilson's personal affair — indeed, to such an extent that he has exceeded his constitutional prerogatives and disdainfully brushed aside the rights and privileges of the Senate in his insistence that his country shall become a member of the League of Nations. He formally obligated his government to take this step without the shadow of a mandate, and thereby undertook engagements in its name that were absolutely contrary to the dearest traditions of the American people. The United States Constitution is no mystery. It has not changed essentially since Washington was elected; and one of the most astonishing incidents of all the astonishing events that we have recently witnessed, is that the statesmen who are regulating, according to their fancy, the destiny of humanity, should be so ignorant of the articles of that Constitution as to prove that they have never taken the trouble to read it.

President Wilson endorsed a League of Nations, without consulting Congress or the country, and without any evidence to show that the people of the United States would consent to the obligations that he assumed in his own name. 'The President of the United States signed the treaty and, so far as we are concerned, the United States is obligated by his signature'— is the recent statement of one of our leading morning dailies in commenting upon the debate in the American Senate. There is not the slightest justification in the world for this position. We have no reason whatever to blame the American people or their representatives in Congress, if after carefully examining the situation in all its aspects, they decide to modify or even to reject a contract signed by an agent who has exceeded his authority.

Mr. Wilson, a man of exaggerated ambition, intoxicated by the exercise of authority increased beyond precedent by Draconic war legislation, supported by overtowering self-esteem, thought he could force the Senate to bend to his will. He was entirely within his rights as President in recommending a League of Nations as the best remedy for the terrible condition in which Europe found itself, and in trying to lay the basis for such a concert of nations with the representatives of the other Powers. But he had no right whatever to engage the United States in advance to the terms of such a contract. He knew, as any school boy who has read the American Constitution knows, and as the 'big men' who were his associates at Paris ought to have known, that irrespective of the merits or demerits of this project, it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have to be ratified by a two thirds majority of the Senate before it would have legal force. There is no way of getting around this fundamental clause in the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Wilson proceeded as if it did not exist, and no one else seems to have known of its existence.

Mr. Wilson has been inspired from the beginning with the thought of using the war to strengthen the Democratic party; and he made up his mind that the success of the Versailles negotiations should redound solely to the credit of that party, and above all to his personal credit. He was convinced that these negotiations would result in his being elected President of a League of Nations, and that the latter honor would insure his reëlection for a third time as President of the United States. The extraordinary confidence that he had in himself, his certainty that he was going to succeed, decided him not to allow the Republican party any share in the transaction. He did not even deign to invite a single outright Republican to assist in the negotiations at Paris and Versailles. However, anyone even superficially informed of political conditions in America, knows that the Republican party embraces many men of first calibre and that the average ability of its statesmen is above that of the Democrats.

Since the day when the President carried the United States into the war, the American people have had no means of making their political sentiments known. All kinds of new laws of unprecedented severity, a censorship at least as strict as that which silenced the European press, the suppression of the right of free speech and public assembly, were all conditions for which there was no previous example in American history, even back in the days of the ruler whom the people of that country still refer to at times as 'the tyrant, George III.'

The first opportunity American citizens had of expressing their opinions was the election of November, 1918. At that time, President Wilson addressed an appeal to the country, urgently demanding it to elect a Democratic House of Representatives as evidence of its approval of his past policy and confidence in his future course.

This future course implied a trip to Europe to assure a League of Nations. The result of this election was a decisive and complete defeat for the President. The Republican party obtained a majority in both the House of Representatives and the Senate. If the Constitution of the United States had resembled that of England or France — that is to say, if the American cabinet had been responsible to Congress — the ministry would have been obliged to resign in spite of every usurpation and evasion, such as we have seen practised here in Europe. The American people expressed its opinion by a majority of 1,194,569 votes. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilson passed this over and left for Europe, forgetting his declaration that: 'to send to Congress a Republican majority would be considered on the other side of the ocean as a repudiation of my policy.'

Even then, the situation when he arrived in Paris, if handled with vision and skill, might not have been compromised beyond remedy. If, before leaving for Europe, the President had submitted his programme and his purposes to the American people, he might have won popular endorsement for them, and thus prevented the otherwise inevitable opposition of the Republican party. But neither before, nor during, nor after the Peace Conference in Paris, has Mr. Wilson frankly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

explained to the people of the United States his intentions and purposes.

So, Mr. Wilson arrived in Europe. The unheard of adulation, the silly hysteria with which he was received, strengthened him in a resolve which had not been shaken by the violent reverse of the last national election in his country. Seeing all Europe bowing low before him and acclaiming him its savior, he took these manifestations at their coin value and was persuaded that the day he returned to his country the echo of this applause would stifle all opposition, and that not a single adversary would remain hardy enough to oppose him.

The whole situation upon his arrival was so extraordinary as to be absurd. His policies had just received a complete block at the hands of the voters of his own country. Nevertheless, although before the ballots were counted, he had stated explicitly that he would accept the verdict of the people without cavil, he represented himself at Paris as bringing the popular mandate of America, and the commands of the United States.

More curious still, the Tin Gods — whose number varied, being sometimes five, sometimes four, and later only three, including Mr. Wilson himself — seemed totally ignorant of the results of the November election, and their expert advisers who were supposed to keep them informed, apparently knew no more than they themselves.

So the President was received at Paris at his own valuation, and the small number there who realized that he was acting contrary to public opinion at home and that he would wind up by driving his head against a stone wall, either were not listened to, or kept silence knowing that they would be jeered if they spoke the truth. They acted upon the false assumption that Mr. Wilson was America, and that anything that he directed would, without the shadow of a doubt, be endorsed by the people of the United States.

It seems almost certain that a majority of the American voters did favor the League of Nations. The people of the United States have always responded with more enthusiasm than any other nation to an appeal to idealism, without pondering much upon the consequences. In a burst of impetuosity, which made sensible old women weep, they gave full civil rights to the negroes; and for fifty years since then they have taken every precaution in the world — and generally with success — to prevent the negroes from exercising these rights. With a spontaneity of emotion most inspiring for all water drinkers, temperance societies, gastronomic non-conformists and dyspeptics in two hemispheres, they have plunged into prohibition — and there is no doubt but that they will get out of this in such a way as to preserve all the moral satisfaction of being bone dry, and to avoid all the inconveniences and discomforts of that dryness.

The statute books of every American state are packed with heroic laws looking toward the establishment of a new paradise on earth, but no one is foolish enough to dream of enforcing them. This is not hypocrisy. It is the natural reaction from impulsive acts. The theory of a League of Nations captivated the Americans as an excellent way to regulate the affairs of the rest of the world outside their own country, but the thought that such an organization might involve their own land in obligations and sacrifices and force it to abandon its traditional foreign policy and to shoulder new responsibilities in distant countries — countries which most Americans had never

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heard of before, for the excellent reason that they had never hitherto existed — is quite a different matter. The only hypocrisy in their case would be for them to get indignant because other countries had been actuated by different motives, devoid of even an affectation of altruism.

Motives of the latter class are precisely what have caught the attention of the American people and aroused their distrust. When Mr. Wilson presumed to speak for the American nation in regard to them, he increased the resentment of his fellow citizens with nearly every word he uttered.

Undoubtedly, Mr. Lloyd George wanted to make the League an alliance of the two great English-speaking nations to rule the world. But he did not go at the matter tactfully. Since the Declaration of Independence, the United States has never been enthusiastic over Britain's claim to be Mistress of the Seas. So, Mr. Wilson, when he made freedom of the seas one of his Fourteen Points, was expressing a prevalent sentiment in his country; but when he allowed that question to pass over without debate — as he did all other unpleasant questions — he at once aroused the suspicions of his fellow countrymen. Mr. Lloyd George sustained Mr. Wilson on many points during the Conference, precisely because he was just then planning — he changes his plans frequently — to form a superior alliance of the English-speaking people such as I have just suggested. All his speeches, and those of his ministers, and the articles that appeared daily in the press, were a continual chant of

> Blood is thicker than water
> Hands joined across the sea.

This was the popular refrain at every reception to a distinguished ambassador, admiral, or general, at Guildhall festivities, and whenever freedom of the city was given the visiting President.

Close on the heels of this followed a marked change in the attitude of the French press. Some Americans were rather surprised, some irritated, and others merely shrugged their shoulders at the admonitions which our editors felt it their duty to address to the American people. These admonitions contributed considerably to stiffen the hostile sentiment already growing in that country — and this has been a misfortune. Americans were unable to conceive how France could be ignorant of the results of their election in November, 1918. They assumed as a matter of course that the French Government in any case would have been informed by its numerous agents in America of the state of sentiment there. Colonel Harvey wrote very aptly: 'If France has been deceived, it was with the connivance of its Premier and not of the American people.' No one would believe that we over in Europe were ignorant of the fact that Mr. Wilson had been defeated by an enormous majority at a time when the League issue was before the citizens. It was still more incredible to them that we should be ignorant of the 'Round Robin,' signed by forty Senators in February, 1919, during the President's short return to his own country, binding themselves not to vote for the covenant of the League of Nations as presented to the Peace Conference. In view of these facts, Mr. Wilson's opponents view as an absurdity the statement which recently had such vogue in Paris: 'France was justified in believing that the President had the pledge of honor of the American people in his valise, and that he was authorized to say to the French, "I speak for America, and I alone have that right."'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If Mr. Wilson had returned triumphant from Paris after having incorporated in the Peace of Versailles the principles contained in his famous Fourteen Points — and solemnly accepted by the Allies at the time of the armistice — his success would have been the success of all America, and it is extremely improbable that he would have encountered serious difficulty in securing the treaty's ratification. But one by one these Fourteen Points were successively overthrown, and whenever a feeble attempt has been made to suggest that some fragments of them have been saved, the only result in Europe is to provoke either an explosion of laughter or a sneer of disdain at the hypocrisy of the speaker. If the President had left on the George Washington during the crisis in the Conference, he would have returned to the United States commanding general respect for his sincerity, and thus have preserved part of his prestige. But he stayed in Paris, and that was his ruin.

The people at Versailles did not realize that they had made him ridiculous and had discredited him. No, the masters of the Conference were so extraordinarily innocent as to believe that a man whom they had made little in the eyes of the world, could still compel his country to sign a treaty and a covenant that belied the principles which he had so pompously proclaimed — that he could force his fellow citizens to place their signatures to a instrument which the Republicans have christened 'the League of Insincerity.' These gentlemen did not comprehend, and seem not yet to comprehend — that the days of Louis XIV and Napoleon have passed; and that economic laws rule the world to-day — above all, after a war, that stripping the question of fanciful phraseology, has been in reality a war for economic preponderance and for the satisfaction of economic interest and financial ambitions.

Two courses were possible. We might have repudiated all the ideals that inspired the belligerent nations during more than five years, and have proclaimed frankly our right of conquest and woe to the conquered. This would not have been very flattering to ourselves, but it would have been honest. The other course would have been to accept loyally the new world programme so eloquently propounded, and to try to rebuild the foundations of international policy strictly in accordance with Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points. If we had done so it would have been easy to obtain in exchange the financial assistance of the United States to reëstablish our credit, to reconstruct our industries, and to restore our prosperity.

In place of either one of these two possibilities, which had at least the merit of being definite and clear, we fancied that we could bamboozle the American people and hypnotize them with flattery and platitudes.

But the American people, though, like most other nations, they have a great many faults, are not particularly stupid. In fact, they are very intelligent and they do not like to be bamboozled in politics any more than in private business. When they saw a war fought to end war, to procure disarmament, and to obtain a multitude of other beautiful things, result in the sort of a treaty which Mr. Wilson, acting without legitimate authority, brought back from Europe, they kicked over the traces.

The Supreme Council in trying to be too shrewd, is quite as responsible as Mr. Wilson himself for the failure of the covenant. Before long, the world will realize where to place that responsibility.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal Daily), *January 5, 1920*]

EDUARD BERNSTEIN

BY ERICH DOMBROWSKI

THE Social-Democratic party long ago left behind the storm and stress period of its history. Wild opposition to a 'class state' gradually calmed down. Millennial hopes of being able to create a Socialist paradise in this world over night have vanished. They were followed by a controversy over the interpretation of the Marx Evangels. Inasmuch as Marx himself passed through several phases of intellectual opinion in the course of his life, all these different schools of interpretation are right and can appeal to their common master to support their views, whether they are Revisionists or Orthodox or Communists. The Socialist movement has passed through the three stages of manhood — revolutionary youth, calculating middle age, and resigned old age. These three periods of development were latent in the party as early as the days of Wilhelm Liebknecht and August Bebel. The common bond that held together men of so many different opinions was their united struggle against the Junker state of Bismarck and Wilhelm the Second. As early as 1894, Bruno Schoenlank first hinted at the doctrines of the Revisionists, without being conscious of what this idea imported.

The real prophet of Revisionism was Eduard Bernstein. In his book upon *The Premises of Socialism and the Tasks of Social Democracy*, he unfurled the banner of Revisionism, and from his London exile unchained the beasts of discord within the party. He dared even to lay a sacrilegious hand upon the very dogmas of Marx himself, and openly doubted whether the fundamental assumptions of the Socialist faith, the progressively growing misery of the masses and the declining number of independent workers corresponded to the facts. He refused to believe in the automatic collapse of bourgeois society, foretold by Bebel's repeated vaticinations; and he vigorously opposed the assumption, 'that every important positive task of the Social Democracy is to be postponed until after the great collapse of capitalism, and that whatever is done before that must assume the inevitability of such an event.'

Kautsky, the Socialist keeper of the seals, was outraged. Bernstein, who formerly had fought shoulder to shoulder with him, was a deserter. A sharp polemic followed, and Kautsky longed to issue an edict of excommunication against the apostate. But Bernstein was merely saying in plain words what innumerable Socialists were vaguely groping toward in their own minds, and consequently his followers were too numerous. Bernstein wrote to Kautsky in reply to his threat: 'Don't imagine that after you have purified the party this time you will have finished the task. Parties cannot be purified so simply. You will no sooner have finished with the matter, as you think, before the remaining fragments will divide into Radicals and Conservatives, and you will have another purification forced upon you.' Now, twenty years later, this great accounting within the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

party has occurred. Three parties have been formed from the old one, and each of them bears within its bosom the seeds of further subdivision. Bernstein is, as his whole past would imply, a member of the Conservative fragment. And strange to say, Kautsky, who formerly breathed blood and fire against him, though nominally a member of the Independents, is actually allied with him again through his vigorous championship of democratic principles against a dictatorship of the proletariat

Bernstein's checkered career reflects the whole history of German Social-Democracy. He has looked upon the Socialist Messiah and Peter, Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels; but at the same time, he is numbered among the comrades of innumerable men of a younger generation. His life began as a member of the petty bourgeoisie. His father was a locomotive driver living somewhere in the outskirts of Berlin. Since he was a member of a household of ten children, Eduard and his brothers were rather left to themselves to get an education. He attended the Loeffler public school and then the Friedrich Werder Gymnasium; but his school days left little impression on his life. He had the misfortune to have attended two badly run down institutions. The teachers and their methods were antiquated and the buildings were dilapidated. Then he took up banking. After serving an apprenticeship with a banking firm that had recently moved its headquarters from Breslau to Berlin, he was employed in the exchange department under the immediate direction of one of the family owning the institution. In those days the accounts were in three currencies, Prussian talers, Frankfurt guilders, and Paris francs. While still a young man he entered the employ of Rothschild's and about a year later he became a Social-Democrat.

This important change in his career occurred early in the seventies. He had founded a social organization with a few friends. However, they did not content themselves long with mere social reunions, and soon took up the discussion of scientific and political questions. They subscribed for a government newspaper, and, in order to get the other side, for the democratic paper edited by Guido Weiss, the publicist, who was the teacher of Franz Mehring and Johann Jacoby. They discussed public questions with great enthusiasm and interest, and invited the Socialist Fritzsche to judge their debates. Bernstein himself delivered short talks on economics in this society, and occasionally attended Social-Democratic meetings. Very soon he became a regular member of the latter party. These were the years when the followers of Lasalle, who were a majority in Berlin, were bitterly opposing the Marx party. Bernstein joined the minority. This is characteristic, for he has been with the minority practically all his life. Every Sunday that he had leisure he threw himself impetuously into the agitation, and delivered many addresses in the suburbs of Berlin and the smaller towns and villages of the neighborhood. But for the time being he stayed with the bank. At last, late in the summer of 1878, Carl Hoechberg, a literary idealist, who was then editing a Socialist periodical called *Die Zukunft*, invited him to act as his secretary during a foreign tour. Bernstein consented, anticipating a short interruption in the humdrum life he had hitherto led. They went first to Lugano and there his exile began. For twenty-three years he was not to see his native land again.

This was when the persecution of the Socialists

REPRODUCED BY UMZDG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bismarck's government knew no mercy. Social-Democratic papers were suppressed and political groups of that party were dissolved. For a time the *Sozialdemokrat*, published in Zürich by Vollmar, was the intellectual rallying point for the German comrades, and kept the party together. Every number had to be smuggled into Germany with the greatest caution. When Vollmar moved to Paris, Bernstein became editor of this journal. Wilhelm Liebknecht coöperated in editing the paper from Germany. The latter's pen was sharp and bitter. Innumerable insults to the emperor, for which he would have been seriously punished if detected, flowed from its point. Bismarck foamed at the mouth. The Zürich wasps' nest must be smoked out. A whole army of spies was mobilized. The Swiss Government became nervous and finally invited Bernstein to leave the country. This was May, 1888. Thereupon the editorial office of the *Sozialdemokrat* was moved to London. Bernstein had already visited England twice, although only on short visits. The first time he had accompanied Bebel in their Canossa pilgrimage to Karl Marx. This was eight years before. Bernstein, according to the accounts of others at that time, had expected to find in the Patriarch of Socialism a volcano — an irritable, explosive old man. He was immensely surprised when Marx received him with his calm, cool, gentle manner and remarkably lucid and self-controlled conversation. Instead of the volcano, he seemed to be an Alpine lake in the ...ening light. Bernstein, astounded, ...edrich Engels how he was im... ...tter merely smiled and ... — the old Moor ... ...le it.'

loose. His eyes blazed; the bushy, white patriarchal beard, which together with his heavy head of hair encircled his whole countenance with a dense, bristly hedge, shook and quivered as his deep, base voice rolled out imprecations upon his opponent. It was like the cannonade of a thunder storm in lofty mountains reverberating from distant cliffs.

Bernstein soon made himself at home in London, and was an almost constant guest at the hospitable home of Friedrich Engels. Gradually he became more and more interested in Socialist theories and more devoted to the cause. His books upon *Lasalle*, upon *Communist and Social-Democratic Tendencies in the English Revolution of the Seventeenth Century*, upon *The Premises of Socialism*, and upon the *History and Theory of Socialism*, all date from this period. It was a time of quiet ripening. Bernstein came to share with Kautsky the position of intellectual leader of the party. Indeed, he became more than this — the prophet of Revisionism.

Finally, in 1901, the hour came when he could return to his native land. The numerous indictments that had been laid against him from time to time on account of his association with the *Sozialdemokrat*, in the days of the legislation practically outlawing Socialists, were quashed by Von Bülow in response to democratic appeals. Hohenlohe's successor as Imperial Chancellor hoped that Bernstein might be able to influence the Social-Democracy as a whole to adopt the Revisionist theory. The latter was elected to the Reichstag by the people of Breslau; but the change in party attitude did not progress as fast as Bülow hoped. For a period the movement was halted. Bebel held holy inquisi... ...n over the Revisionists at the Dres... ...ress. They all sought cover

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under the storm of that powerful leader's invective. Bernstein's followers shrank to an insignificant little group. But the seeds of his ideas had been scattered far and wide and their germination could not be stopped.

The movement gathered momentum and finally attained such extent that Scheidemann, at one time among the most devoted followers of Bebel, at the First Party Congress at Weimar — held for the purpose of reconciling its various factions — ventured to declare, amid vigorous applause: 'We cannot invariably follow the policy of adopting measures merely because they are Socialist, but we must consider also whether they are practical.'

The war brought Bernstein face to face with a hard decision of conscience. His international experience and sympathies had made warfare especially abhorrent to him. He was unable to follow the course of Ebert, Scheidemann, and David; and in 1916 he joined Haase in seceding from the majority. As a result, the Independent Social-Democratic party was organized. But he was like a foreigner or a somnambulist among his new associates. When the revolution occurred he was employed for a period in the Imperial Treasury as an expert adviser. But he was unable to approve the growing drift of the Independents toward the Communists, and soon applied for readmission to the Majority Socialists.

Bernstein has not returned to Parliamentary life since the old Reichstag of the Empire was brought to a sudden termination. He is working as a quiet savant, devoting himself to writing and to a study of the new tendencies that have manifested themselves in Germany. No longer is he an upsetter, a champion of force. He has become, rather, a cautious signalman solicitous to guard Socialism from leaving the track of democracy. His life was never a battle with gigantic problems and fateful crises. For most of his years he has enjoyed popularity and praise. Thoughts flow from his mind calmly and clearly. With persistent energy and almost pathetic industry he has built up his intellectual castle stone upon stone. He is no party fanatic, but above all things, a well-meaning, intelligent, clear-headed man. Many visitors from every civilized nation cross the threshhold of his attractive and hospitable home, in order to pay their respects to him and to his wife, the able translator of Webb's *History of British Trade Unionism;* and everyone of these has gone away intellectually richer for the experience. The old couple are like Philemon and Baucis, for whom the gods have erected a temple, when all the country about them was submerged by the deluge, in order that they may pursue their lofty contemplation of the tasks of Social-Democracy and humanity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*The Times* (Northcliffe Press), *January 19, 1920*]

THE COÖPERATIVES IN RUSSIA

BY PAUL DUKES

By all who know it, the combined Coöperative movement which sprang up twenty-one years ago in Russia is described as the one hope of that country. It received its greatest development during the war and is now the most democratic, the most anti-Bolshevist in spirit and aims, of all departments of the public service. In no country of the world has the Co-operative movement developed on so vast a scale in so brief a period as in Russia.

At the commencement of the Bolshevist régime, there existed three distinct branches of Coöperatives — the Coöperative Union of Consumers, the Credit Coöperative, and the Coöperative Union of Producers, all acting in close harmony with one another. The following figures show the enormous growth of the first of these unions:

Year	Capital in rubles	Turnover in rubles
1899	800	31,340
1909	47,822	1,278,511
1910	68,808	1,984,827
1911	91,194	3,597,149
1912	160,257	5,911,404
1913	225,413	7,985,234
1914	319,479	10,343,549
1915	663,158	22,855,407
1916	1,634,053	86,631,616
1917	10,269,757	about 212,000,000

About fifty million people, including members' families, were served by this union alone. It possessed thirty factories and industrial concerns. It had its own flour mills, confectionery works, fisheries, tobaccó, soap, and boot factories, chemical works, and paper mills. The combined membership of all Coöperative unions in Russia in 1917 amounted to one third of the total population of Russia at that time.

Naturally enough the Bolsheviki, upon their seizure of power, endeavored their utmost to subject this tremendous organization to their own ends, to 'socialize' it, to 'nationalize' it, to curtail its independence, to control the political views of its leaders, and in every way to render it an instrument for maintaining themselves in power. The measures introduced by the Bolsheviki would, if they had been carried out to the full, have entirely abolished the Coöperative movement as an independent organization.

From the outset the Bolshevist Government met with determined opposition on the part of the Coöperative Societies — so determined that Lenin said in one of his speeches that if the Coöperatives would not give in, then they must be broken in. But the leaders of the Coöperative organizations did not, like so many of the Russian *intelligentsia*, flee abroad to escape the woes of Bolshevist Russia. They stuck to their posts, yielding point by point only in the face of final threats. Those of their leaders who joined the National Centre have suffered the fate of their colleagues of that party, but there are many others who have refrained from any direct participation in politics, who are still at liberty, and who, despite all hardships and pressure, have kept one single purpose before them — namely, to save the Co-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

operative movement from complete annihilation at the hands of the Bolsheviki.

It is to people such as these — doctors, teachers, professors, leaders of the Coöperative organizations — that we must turn to learn the deepest needs and desires of the masses. These are they who stand nearest to the hearts of the dumb masses of the population, whereas, a great and unbridgable gulf yawns between the people and 'the party.'

What was the object of the Bolshevist Government in thus endeavoring to suppress free Coöperation? The most cogent reason was that Russian Coöperation was a widespread popular democratic movement, embracing all classes without distinction — the very antithesis of Bolshevism. Secondly, any public enterprise independent of state enterprise is contrary to the fundamental principles of Bolshevism. Thirdly, the Coöperative movement had at its disposal powerful and far-reaching instruments of propaganda and was strongly supported by the non-Bolshevist press, thus constituting a positive danger to the propagation of the government's Communist principles. It was obvious to the government that if Bolshevist propaganda was to succeed, the field must be absolutely clear of competition.

Several decrees, instructions, etc., have been issued by the Bolsheviki defining the new relations of the Co-operatives to the government. The principal measures were the decrees of April 12, 1918, and March 20, 1919. Both of them represent a compromise in favor of the government, resulting from the threat of the latter to 'break' the Coöperative movement if its opposition became too stubborn.

The essence of the first decree was as follows: (1) The Coöperatives were to regard themselves henceforth as instruments of the Central Government in the execution of the orders of the latter; (2) every individual of the community must become a member of the Coöperative appointed by the government to supply the given district; (3) Coöperatives were to be subjected to taxation.

The further stipulation was made that:

> Persons hiring workmen, servants, or assistants, and also prosperous peasants who engage journeymen helpers, may become members of the directing boards of Coöperative Societies only in the proportion of one third of the entire number of board members.

The principle of inequality was thus intentionally introduced. In village Coöperatives, although membership of a Committee of Village Paupers was not made an actual condition of admission to boards of control, yet it was the strongest recommendation. With the object of breaking the backs of the Coöperative leaders the government was taking radical measures to force Communists — of whatever social type, even totally illiterate — into the boards of control. Milutin, one of the originators of the decree, declared that 'the complete absorption of Coöperative organizations by the state organization was inevitable.'

The subsequent history of the relations between the government and the Coöperatives resembles a series of fluctuations, first in one direction then in another; concessions being made now by the government to win the support of the Coöperatives, now by the latter to retain what degree of independence they might. Within Co-operative circles two distinct political tendencies were observable; one, representing the Right, was openly hostile to the Bolsheviki and looked to the Allies to intervene and restore the Co-operatives to their former position of independent communal organs; the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other, representing the Left, supported the policy of compromise with the Bolsheviki, compelling the latter to modify their present policy and admit all parties to the government.

The second decree, of March 20, 1919, was a deliberate attempt to deprive the Coöperative organizations of all independence, heralding the institution of what was termed a 'Uniform Commune of Consumers,' to which all organs of distribution, including not only the Coöperatives but also the Commissariat of Food, were to be subjugated. This measure raised a storm of indignation, which had no means of public expression, the press now being closed to the freethinkers of the Cooperative movement. But it is typical, and instructive to those who find a difficulty in realizing the actual attitude of the Russian population toward their present rulers, that the word 'commune' was the source of such an outburst of opposition among the entire populace (the very ideas of 'Communism' and 'communes' having become abhorrent to the masses of the people) that during the summer the Bolsheviki issued a decree changing the name to 'Uniform *Society* of Consumers,' in the hope that under this label the pill would be less bitter to the patient.

Five months elapsed before the government took any steps to put this decree into operation. August arrived before it was spoken of as a serious proposition either in Moscow or Petrograd. At the last meeting of the Petrograd Soviet, at which I was present, toward the end of August, it was brought up for the first time for discussion. I use the word 'discussion' in its formal sense, no discussion, as we understand it, ever being permitted even in a packed Soviet. But I am told that since I quitted Russia the experiment has been proved a complete failure, and that so far from succeeding in suppressing the Coöperative movement the government is now being forced more and more to give way to it and rely upon the independent organization of the latter to supply the needs of the population.

A prominent leader of the Coöperative movement, Heisin, previous to the suppression of all non-Bolshevist publications, wrote as follows respecting the first of these decrees:

> If this decree profits anybody, then it profits above all the enemies of Coöperation. Its most ardent defenders are the merchants. In a whole series of villages of the Stavropol district Coöperatives are closing and their capital passing into the hands of communal stores, run by people of doubtful reputation. . . . The merchants are 'business men,' and fully realize that the Bolshevist experiments signal the ruin of Coöperation.

Another writer, Hizhniakoff, said:

> Only an insignificant part of the violence perpetrated against the Coöperative organizations by the Bolsheviki will ever be known. An orgy of license reigns in the country districts, often senseless, always destructive. Arrest of leaders, dismissal of directors, expropriation of buildings, confiscation of goods, arbitrary taxation — all this is being committed against Coöperative institutions. Coöperators have long since ceased to protest or disobey. They submissively pay big salaries to the very commissaries who are appointed to 'control' them and who meddle in business which they have no understanding of. They print gratuitously in the Coöperative printing offices the Soviet *Izvestia* (official press organs of the Bolsheviki all over Russia), lest the printing presses be confiscated. They submit to taxation, to requisitioning of property. They yield anything that will postpone worse, perhaps irreparable blows, which might exterminate Coöperation altogether.

As for the attempt to subjugate the Coöperatives to the Communist party, Heisin says:

> Coöperative organizations are a people's institution, belonging to the democracy, and free to serve whomever they will. You cannot demand of a democratic organization that it serve one political party and no other. . . . The effect of this decree will be the very opposite of that desired by the Soviet power. They wish to pump

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the people's money out of their coffers, but the people are removing their money from the Coöperatives in fear and hiding it. The government declares it wishes to kill private trading, but the merchants will profit by this very decree to kill Coöperation. If the Coöperative leaders have none the less submitted to compromise, it is simply in the hope of saving the Coöperative organization from total destruction. . . . The Bolsheviki may tax us, arrest our leaders, introduce Communist control, but we will yet defend our independence to the last, for it is in our independence that we see the true path to Socialism.

Freedom of speech did not suit the Communists, and so they closed down the entire non-Bolshevist press, and the Coöperative organizations, with the rest of the Russian people, sank into that pit of silence and gloom in which they have writhed for the past year and a half, and from which they will emerge only with the dawn of the new era which marks the end of Bolshevism.

Hampered, mangled, gagged, balked, and threatened — to a degree compared with which the Tsar's régime was mild and merciful — the Coöperative organizations still retain life and have thwarted all designs of the Bolsheviki against their independence.

[*The Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Semi-Official Daily), *December 29, 1919*]

BELGIUM AND ITS NEIGHBORS

It is not unlikely that Belgian affairs may again hold a large place in the public eye. This is not strange when we contrast the prominent rôle that this little country played in the war, and the tremendous influence Entente propaganda concerning it exerted upon public opinion, with the obscurity and neglect it has experienced since the conclusion of the armistice. No fact in regard to the war has been more conclusively demonstrated than that if Germany had not violated Belgian neutrality, the Allies could never have organized a world coalition of twenty-five governments against the Central Powers.

From the beginning of hostilities, Belgium was a spoiled child. After people wearied of talking about the assault upon its neutrality, interest was kept alive by horror tales of the occupation, and of brutal war measures used against that country by the Germans. We may admit, without discussion, that the Belgian people had a heavy burden to bear. This was inevitably so, because their geographical position assigned them an important rôle in any war between the Central Powers and the countries to the westward. A bad situation was made worse by the fact that our people at home allowed themselves to be bewildered by the ardent annexationist propaganda of a few leading spirits. During our four years' occupation these predatory publicists became increasingly excited and insistent, and farther and farther adrift from the anchorage of facts. All the warnings of cool-headed statesmen were unavailing. The military party in Germany got the upper hand and the powerful self-confident general staff dominated the weak and irresolute cabinet. So we now have the natural result — instead of a nation with whom we can live in reconciliation and commercial harmony, one irrevocably embittered against us.

Our saner German economists, who argued that no profit would come from forcing commercial relations upon another country unless that country had equal rights in the partnership, were unable to make their views prevail. The men of the iron fist demanded a marriage in which one party was to be the master and the other the servant. As a natural result, Belgian patriots were able to inspire their countrymen with a thirst of revenge that swept all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other motives out of sight. Practical considerations had no hearing. Any project was popular if it was sufficiently Anti-German. So those political leaders who wanted to make Belgium a military and political satellite of France and England met little opposition.

Premier Delacroix's address opening the recently elected Parliament presents a vivid picture of the prevailing economic and political uncertainty. In a general way, the Prime Minister has merely repeated the programme which the first cabinet of the recently exiled government announced upon its return to Belgium. The only new thing was to endorse an alliance with the Western Powers, which is the central plank in the new platform. This means in effect that Belgium ceases to be a neutral government. Belgium entered the war in 1914 to defend its violated neutrality. In the course of the conflict, however, its war purposes were widened. It became an ally of the other Western Powers and acquired imperialist ambitions.

Belgium has been able to satisfy these ambitions on its eastern border. German territories have been ceded to it in violation of the principle of political self-determination. But its further designs upon Holland and Luxemburg were defeated by the resolute stand the people of those countries took against them. The real truth is that France stood in the way; for that country is deeply interested in controlling Luxemburg on account of its iron and coal resources; and it also desires good relations with the government of Holland. The negotiations between Belgium and Holland are not yet concluded, but their progress proves clearly enough that Belgium is not going to get anything in that direction. So, the country is now addressing itself to France and England. France might interfere, but England refuses. Both countries desire close relations with Belgium, but each country wants to make an independent treaty and not a joint treaty, which Belgium desires. Premier Delacroix knew exactly what he wanted when he told a representative of *Libre Belgique*, a few weeks ago, that Belgium wanted a defensive alliance with France and England, but not one defensive alliance with France and another defensive alliance with England.

What is the distinction? The matter is very simple. The economic requirements of Belgium are hard to reconcile with a political union with either of the Western Powers. Belgium must stand or fall with its natural hinterland. Its natural hinterland is the Rhine country and Westphalia. All the fine air castles which dazzled merchant princes in Antwerp are building of closer relations with Alsace-Lorraine will vanish in the clouds, Antwerp's prosperity is absolutely dependent upon Germany. Without German trade, the city is ruined. That port is the nerve centre of Belgium. The country does not owe its importance to its coal, but to its metallurgical industries and, in union with them, to the port of Antwerp. Belgium's economic life was sustained by exports. Only a third of its manufactures were consumed at home — two thirds were sent abroad. These goods cannot be marketed to advantage in either France or England. Before the war their principal purchaser was Germany. The trade balance between Belgium and Germany was sixty million dollars a year in favor of the former country. How is Belgium to make up this loss? Every school boy knows it will not be from England. Apparently all that Germany needs to do is to stand pat. Sooner or later, Belgium will have to come back to our arms. No less eminent a man than the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Belgian Minister of Commerce, Jaspar, although he is a fanatical enemy of Germany, was compelled to acknowledge to a correspondent of the Paris *Journal* a few days ago that Belgium would be forced by necessity to resume commercial relations with the Central Powers. It was only a few months ago that the same gentleman asserted that such relations would never be resumed. He preached an economic boycott against Germany. He was going to have his way in defiance of the real needs of Belgian trade and manufactures. Now he sees that this desperado policy may bring disaster, but cannot bring prosperity.

As long as Belgium shuts its eyes to immutable economic laws, it will never recover. When it reconciles itself to obeying these laws, it will become the happiest and richest country in Europe. Mr. Joris, the most prominent iron master of Liége, recently declared this at a meeting of the leaders of that industry, and no one ventured to contradict the statement. We must not forget, however, that Belgium depends for some of its imported raw materials upon England and its colonies, and that it will also be more or less dependent on France if the latter country controls Luxemburg. France and England are, therefore, able to exert pressure upon Belgium. If they do this in such a way as to injure the latter country, we shall have what far-seeing men predicted during the war — a state of vassalage that will be almost unendurable; for it will be equivalent to their rationing Belgium's export trade.

There is no other country in Europe whose economic future is so closely connected with its foreign policies. Consequently, we need not be concerned over the violent agitation in Belgium just now for a military alliance with France and England. This illusion will vanish, like so many others that have captured the fancy of the Belgians for brief periods since the armistice, when brought face to face with the empty wharves of Antwerp.

[*Journal de Genève* (Liberal Democratic Daily), *January 1, 1920*]

WARSAW TO-DAY

BY P. ADAM

HARD work, without interruption, from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, except in the shops and stores which keep open till late at night. The Poles have adopted, or rather they have not abandoned since their liberation, this method of working. It has its advantages and inconveniences. A cup of tea and a sandwich at noon, dinner at three o'clock.

From the stroke of the latter hour the restaurants are stormed with customers. Food is excellent and abundant. Brillat-Savarin himself would not be ashamed to sign the menus presented to you. A great variety of *hors d'œuvre*, washed down with a glass or so of vodka; then every delicacy of the season — partridges en casserole, fowls in aspic, shrimp salad. There is no wine, since the Poles usually drink beer, except certain French vintages which are high in price and not always of the best quality. A first-class dinner *à la carte* costs fifty marks, but you can get a good *table d'hôte* meal for fifteen or twenty marks without the tip. The waiters of Warsaw have succeeded in abolishing tips this year. One of them said to me: 'It is a question of personal dignity and self-respect; although ten per cent is added to the bills, we actually receive less money, but we prefer this system. We are now looked upon, not as servants, but as human beings deserving the same respect as officials and skilled workers. You will notice that the cus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tomers no longer call us by our first name. They do not say, "Waiter" any longer, but "Sir."'

On the other hand, a number of the waiters, especially those who have come back from Russia with some savings, have organized coöperative groups and taken over a number of the larger restaurants. These coöperative societies are professional unions and have nothing to do with Socialism or Bolshevism. Customers are served with as much attention and politeness as if they gave royal tips. The dairies are mostly in charge of Polish ladies of title who have been driven from their former homes by Ukrainian insurgents. Having abandoned their estates, they took refuge in the Ukraine and earned their living keeping these little shops. We encounter young women, evidently of gentle birth and breeding, performing domestic service in hotels and private homes.

About five o'clock, when the people leave the restaurants, the streets are again crowded. Throngs of civilians mingle with Polish army officers and members of the numerous military missions in their varied uniforms. Here passes a detachment of recruits on their way to the barracks, there speed horsemen carrying orders. Here you meet a party of female soldiers with daggers at their sides. Scattered among them are students in their caps and Jews in their national costume. You may catch sight of Pilsudski, the head of the government, passing in a carriage drawn by two gray horses, originally requisitioned by the Germans from the royal stables of Belgium, and placed at the disposal of the German commander here, who left them when he fled from Warsaw after the revolution. Here comes an automobile carrying the bannerette of General Haller, just returning from the front. Other distinguished officers are now and then recognized by the crowd and loudly cheered. One sees the 'great patriot,' Paderewski, passing in a limousine returning from Parliament, where he continues to sit as a simple member with the centre group.

You usually pass the evening in the theatre, which will be crowded with a richly attired audience. At midnight, the curfew. You cannot be on the streets after that hour.

[*The Hamburger Nachrichten* (Conservative Daily), *January 7, 1920*]

FOOD AND RAILWAY TRAVEL IN RUSSIA

HELSINGFORS, *December 24, 1919.*

WESTERN Europe has a very false impression of the food situation in Soviet Russia. One cannot generalize upon that question. Conditions vary from government to government. As one travels from the East toward the West prices rise, and reach an apex in Petrograd.

In Siberia there is no food shortage whatever. You can buy anything you want in the shops including tea and sugar. Staple provisions are abundant and cheap at the coöperative stores. My informant traveled from Tobolsk through Tiumen, Ekaterinburg, Perm, and Viatka to Petrograd. He noticed that prices rose appreciably every hundred miles or so as he came Westward. In Siberia all kinds of provisions, including white bread, were plentiful, but as soon as he had crossed the Urals conditions changed. At Ekaterinburg, in the Urals, no more white bread was to be had, but excellent graham bread could be bought at any number of inconspicuous little shops, in quantities up to five pounds daily. However, one had to stand in line for an hour or so to buy his portion. The railway eating houses pro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vide cheap meals, but there again, one experiences considerable delay in getting served. Outside restaurants supply better meals but charge much more. These establishments also serve very slowly, and only to patrons who can show a resident's permit. Along the railway from Ekaterinburg to Perm — about two hundred miles — you can still get modest meals at the stations, but the portions are smaller and the prices higher. Bread, in particular, rapidly becomes scarcer; and yet there is no real suffering for lack of food even in Perm.

The journey from Perm to the next important railway centre, Viatka, requires two days. The distance is two hundred and fifteen miles; and here passengers must carry their own food with them.

The destruction of the bridge over the Kama River, near Perm, interferes with the transportation of provisions to the West. In the department of Viatka one already notices that the people are under-nourished.

Petrograd itself presents a shocking spectacle. Almost no provisions are arriving because transportation is lacking. Private trade has been suppressed in order to prevent speculation. A new arrival is obliged to go hungry for some days unless he has secretly brought his own food. Food tickets are issued only upon the presentation of personal identification cards and a resident's permit. All citizens receive regularly upon their ration coupons one hundred grammes daily of fairly good bread and a portion of soup at mid-day. The latter is usually very poor. Other provisions specified on the coupons are issued only at irregular intervals. Of course, a man cannot live upon this allotment, but it is an indispensable help. A person who tried to procure all of his provisions from illegitimate traders would have to spend about one thousand rubles a day for food alone. In the schools, including the German parochial schools, which are still running, children are provided a free mid-day meal. In order to feed a family, every member must work. Those who are employed in manual labor get along after a fashion. Old people and those incapacitated for work suffer severely. The sick are doomed to certain starvation unless they can obtain admission to the over-crowded hospitals.

Although the food situation is endurable in some parts of Soviet Russia, the transportation system nearly everywhere is practically a wreck. Not only are cars lacking, but above all, locomotives. Class distinctions in passenger coaches have been abolished. The public travels in freight cars provided with an iron stove. Passengers have to steal their own wood for fuel, and so an ax is a popular piece of baggage.

Even the pretense of running on regular schedules has been given up. Yet a daily passenger train is still maintained on many divisions. The maximum speed is fifteen miles an hour. Trains stop for endless periods at the stations. My informant, for instance, required forty-eight hours to go from Tiumen to Ekaterinburg, which used to take ten hours. From Ekaterinburg to Perm, which likewise requires ten hours under normal conditions, required in his case three days. However, fares are ridiculously low. A second-class ticket from Viatka to Petrograd — about six hundred miles — costs only twelve rubles in Soviet money. This stretch of road is one of the best in Russia. Mail trains continue to run over it according to schedule, with coaches of different classes, and even with international sleeping cars.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*The Manchester Guardian* (Liberal Daily), *December 23, 1919*]

KRUPP'S AS IT IS TO-DAY

WHEN toward the end of the fifties of the last century Alfred Krupp produced a cast-steel tube for a three-pounder gun he solved most of the financial difficulties under which his firm had labored since its establishment in 1811, and laid the foundation for many a financial burden which has troubled European governments during the last half-century. For in that period arms in general, and artillery in particular, have been revolutionized in every respect; and the ever-changing views as to quantity and system ruined public treasuries and enriched manufacturers of arms. At Krupp's the manufacture of big guns soon surpassed in importance all other production. After Germany, which since the war with France had carried through a complete renewal of her field artillery and an increased construction of warships and coast defense works, it was to Russia that the works were most indebted for their early orders. The works received a further great impetus in 1890, when, to meet the wishes of the German Admiralty, the armor-plate shops were started. The armor-plate rolling department soon became one of the largest and, after the invention in 1893 of the 'Krupp armored plate,' made of nickel-steel of special composition, also the leading undertaking of its kind.

Notwithstanding its extent and careful organization the Krupp establishment could not cope with the unexpectedly high demand for war material which set in with the outbreak of the war. Existing shops and equipment were hurriedly adapted to the manufacture of such material, while new constructions were added to the extent of about 70 per cent of the surface built on (something like 500 acres) before the war. The motive power rose in the same space of time from 75,000 horse power to about double, while the number of those whom Krupp employed rose from 81,000 on August 1, 1914, to 169,000 on July 1, 1918. A truer picture of the development can be obtained by considering only the workers engaged in the manufacture of actual war material. In the works at Essen they numbered on the first of August, 1914, 12,000 out of a total of 34,000, whereas, on the first of July, 1918, the respective figures were 59,500 (of whom 18,750 were women) and 97,400.

All this growth was suddenly cut short by the provisions of the armistice and of the Treaty of Peace. They reduced the German army to little more than an armed force of police whose needs can be amply supplied from the state arsenals at Spandau and elsewhere, and at the same time they gave the factories of the Entente a monopoly in the trade of war material. With a thoroughness and rapidity which are proof of the excellence of their staff and of their equipment, Krupp's scrapped much of what had made their pride and their fortune, and adapted their works to an infinitely varied peace production. Soon nothing but exhibition pieces will remain to tell of the murderous engines that once grew in their shops.

Of course Krupp's have always been in the first place a cast-steel factory. The enormous furnaces continue their work, unconcerned at the transformation suffered by the manufactured

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

product. Simple, in comparison, has also been the evolution of the armor-plate rolling mills. Here only certain changes in the quality and strength of the plate produced were required. But the effects of the new times soon become apparent when one enters the shops in which arms and munition were formerly manufactured. In the entrance hall of the building which contains the magnificent offices of the firm there hangs a huge plan, designed for the guidance of the German and neutral visitors who were distinguished enough to obtain access to the works during the war. It shows at a glance the shops which produced guns and other war material, as well as the constructions newly added during the past five years.

I chose to begin the round with four great shops built three years ago for the execution of the so-called 'Hindenburg Programme' of increased munition production. One of them, with a frontage of 500 metres, in which 90 per cent of the workers were women, was exclusively devoted to the manufacture of shells. Not a hand, not a wheel now moves in it. In a second wheels for gun carriages used to be made. With the exception of a small portion, where buffers and other small parts for locomotives are being made, the shop is now idle. Quiet lies also a third, formerly manufacturing guns of middle calibre; only that section of it which produced range-finders is now active, having turned its attention to cream separators and other small dairy implements.

The last and greatest of the 'Hindenburg' buildings, covering a surface of about 18 acres, is the only one of them in which work proceeds at full speed. It is a beautiful, self-contained shop, in which blocks of steel were transformed into big guns, ready for use, at the rate of three every two days; now it transforms the raw material into railway engines, which issue from it ready to take a train in tow. The first of them was delivered at the beginning of December. When in full working order the shop is to turn out one engine and ten railway trucks every day. The manufacture of railway engines at Krupp's is an innovation, but is likely to attain primary importance. The lack of good engines is now the hardest problem of German transport. Notwithstanding the surrender of 5000 engines to the Entente, their total number is still considerable; but most of them are badly in need of repair, while those constructed of inferior material during the war require complete overhauling.

The following figures strikingly illustrate the situation. In July, 1914, Germany possessed 21,882 locomotives, of which 17,505 were in working order; in July, 1918, the respective figures were 22,285 and 15,788; in June, 1919, after the withdrawal of rolling material from the occupied territories, they were 23,531 and 13,000; by the middle of November only 11,000 engines remained in running order. The minimum required for the maintenance of anything like a normal goods and passenger service is estimated at 15,000. Of the engines returned from the war areas 75 per cent were in need of repair, and the number now actually under repair amounts roughly to 50 per cent of the total, whereas in peace time it never exceeded 20 per cent.

To meet this difficult situation Krupp's are also taking in locomotives for repair, about 150 at a time, although their shops are not fitted out for such work. It is only made possible by their powerful traveling cranes, which lift the engines bodily into and out of the shops. Such is the work, for instance, now being carried out in one of the finest buildings of the establish-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment, which formerly supplied practically all the armored turrets of the German navy. The last vestige of this former output was the turning discs of two such turrets, which a number of workmen were busily taking to pieces. Similar work of peaceful destruction was also going on in the shop, now also used for the repair of locomotives, in which the great naval guns were once manufactured. A few of these monsters were still lying about, but cut into neat vertical or horizontal sections by means of oxygen burners, their interiors revealing to the expert's eye the coveted secrets of Krupp's gun-making skill. A few formidable squares of steel attracted attention: they were breeches of the famous 42-centimetre siege guns which had pounded the forts of Liége to smithereens. Breeches and guns were waiting to be delivered to the melting furnaces.

One of the best-equipped shops at Essen, finished early in 1914, specialized in the manufacture of guns for submarines, 10-centimetre heavy guns, and 21-centimetre howitzers. It now lies totally idle. Many of the machines which could be adapted to other work have already been sold all over the country. Of another enormous hall, which lodged the works for cast steel projectiles with a daily production of 90,000 pieces, only the iron frame and the outer walls remain. The foundation and the inner arrangements are being completely rebuilt, to be equipped for the manufacture of railway wheels, steel tires, etc. Something like 60 per cent of the munitions cast in this room were finished in two enormous shops. Now both are silent and empty. Only a few men were at work in one of them, engaged in removing the valuable copper bands from a small stock of shells. Among these were some curious, sharply pointed shell-caps: the last remains of the formidable shells which bombarded Paris and were no doubt intended to burst on English soil from batteries at Calais. The extensive fuse shops now produce screws of all sizes and other small tools. A large shop once constructing middle-sized armored turrets has recently been adapted to the manufacture of Diesel and steam engines, while yet another gun shop has been transformed into a school for the apprentices of the firm.

To adapt all the equipment and a whole specialized staff of engineers, foremen, and workmen to a totally different kind of work is a task obviously requiring time. That, to some extent, is one of the causes which keep idle so many of the shops at Essen. But if Krupp's, who possess their own collieries and coal mines, are less dependent than other German firms upon foreign supplies of raw materials, there are certain ores the lack of which seriously hampers production at their works. For that reason they intend to devote their attention, for the time being, primarily to goods absorbing comparatively little material but requiring skillful finish. There is no limit to the range of their enterprise. In addition to the products already mentioned in the course of this article, the manufacture of motor-lorries is to be taken up on a large scale. The experience gained in the 'Germania' yard at Kiel, with the manufacture of engines for submarines, will no doubt prove valuable in this connection. But the healthy development of the works, as, indeed, of the whole of German industry, depends upon the removal of the obstacles which impede international trade.

It is interesting to note that Krupp's now employ about 85,000 persons — that is, 4000 more than at the outbreak of the war. But this is due to the legal enforcement of the eight-hour

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day, and production is still considerably behind the normal. Many shops work only one shift, and were idle when I visited them in the early afternoon. And in considering the competitive power of Krupp's one must add to the shorter day the considerable increased cost of raw materials and the rise in wages. The average daily earnings at Krupp's in 1914, a ten-hour day then being worked, were 6.36 marks. They now amount, for an eight-hour day, to 10.96 marks.

One can have no hesitation in affirming, after a visit at Krupp's, that everything connected with war industry has been scrapped away. I had an assurance from one of the directors that no war material of any kind was now being manufactured in the works of the firm, a fact which was confirmed to me without hesitation by various trade union officials and labor leaders, Socialists and others, to whom I had occasion to speak at Essen. Old war material is but little to be seen, and that either cut, or about to be cut, to pieces by the same machines and the same hands which once made them. Peace is taking its revenge at Krupp's.

[*The Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Semi-Official Daily), *January 6, 1920*]

THE RADICAL PARTIES OF GERMANY

CONSERVATIVE opposition to the existing cabinet and to the three-party majority coalition in Parliament which supports it, does not constitute a political novelty, because both the leaders of that opposition and the principles they advocate, have remained unchanged since the days of the monarchy.

But to comprehend and describe the Radical opposition is a far more difficult matter. Besides the Independent Socialists, who are the only political group of this opposition actually represented in Parliament, there are the Syndicalists and the Communists outside of Parliament. The Independents change their political principles so often that it is hard to describe their programme. The Syndicalists and Communists still maintain an uncertain partnership as the Communist party of Germany. The instability of their programme is, if such a thing is possible — even greater than that of the Independents. At the time of the recent National Convention of the last mentioned party at Leipzig, eleven different political factions were discovered to be struggling for control. Probably there are quite as many wrangling cliques and factions among the Communists and Syndicalists. So the Radical opposition, taken as a whole, despite its persistent and bitter hostility to what it describes as the alleged false policy of the three majority parties, has no definite programme of its own, no platform upon which all its forces rally. Rather the very reverse is true, and should these parties by any accident obtain control of the government, there is every indication that this would result in a sort of Kilkenny riot, with everyone fighting everyone else.

At the recent Convention of the Independent Socialist party in Leipzig the bitter internal contest resulted ultimately in a victory for the Radical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leaders, Däumig, Crispien, Coenen. The personal feud between Däumig and Ledebour — who but a short time ago was conspicuous as one of the most radical members of the organization — still fills the columns of the Independent Socialist press. The old leaders and fathers of the party, like Kohn, Dittmann, Kautsky, and even Hilferding, were treated like complete outsiders by the Convention. Such a speedy and continuous elimination of able leaders has not occurred in any other responsible political group, and no party can continue to exist which follows such a policy. It is significant that Crispien, at the Berlin District Convention of the Independent Socialists held a few weeks after the Leipzig meeting, urgently cautioned the members from attacking their leaders and pointed to the Communist party as a bad example in this respect. Indeed, the very lives of the Communist leaders are in danger from their own followers, because the latter will hear of no control and are reckless in the way they express their dissent.

While the Independent Socialists are weakening themselves by these constant internal feuds, they are also fighting for their lives against the parties still further to the left. They are handicapped in their defense against these more radical opponents, because their uncertain and vacillating attitude undermines the confidence of their own followers and deprives them of those fixed principles which are the best guaranty against conversion to other political views. This explains why the Independent Socialists are constantly losing members to the Communist party.

When an Independent Socialist newspaper, referring to the crushing defeat of its party in the local elections at Gotha, announced that the working people will use more effective weapons than ballots in future elections; and when *Freiheit*, the official organ of the party, mentions in its annual New Year's Review that 'a new phase of active revolutionary policy' is beginning, and that this will enable 'the unbroken power of the Russian peasant revolution to be thrown into the scales in the battle against the Holy Alliance of Capital,' we find it difficult to detect any difference between the Independents and the most radical of the Communists. Inasmuch, moreover, as the Independent Social Democrats resolved at their last National Convention to renounce the democratic plan of campaign, and to fight for a dictatorship of the proletariat with any weapon that might come to hand, the distinction between the Communists and Bolsheviki on one side, and the leaders of the Independents on the other, practically disappears. We acknowledge that different shades of opinion and theory may exist among the leaders, but the rank and file of their followers lack all comprehension for such fine and elusive distinctions.

Consequently, it is vain labor for *Freiheit* to go back on its own statements now and then in order to attack the Syndicalists for their irrational programme. Few people are interested in a controversy as to whether violence is justified in order to seize industrial control of the nation, but must not be employed to seize political control, or the reverse. The mass of the working people won't be much interested in the particular side of the existing social and political order that is attacked first. For the Independent Socialist press to charge the Syndicalists and Communists with lack of fixed principles in this controversy, will prove a boomerang.

Communist leaders are fully conscious of the strong position they hold in respect to the Independent Social-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ists. When the latter recently published an appeal for united action addressed to all social revolutionary parties, the *Rote Fahne*, the official organ of the Communists, bluntly rejected such overtures. It insisted that its party had a clear programme which it would not discuss. It demanded that the Independent Socialists adopt the Communist programme without qualification if it wished the coöperation of the latter. Since the Independents have gone completely over to extreme radicalism, and have ejected everyone who had the slightest taint of moderation from the party, they have come so close to Communism as to imperil their existence as a separate organization. Shiftiness in political policies speedily avenges itself. The moment the Independent party repudiated the principles of democracy it became an involuntary ally of Moscow. It is certain, furthermore, that the Independents programme affords no antidote for the growing sympathy for Syndicalism among certain classes of working people — for instance, the railway laborers.

Neither will the recent resolution of the party in favor of a revolutionary Soviet system as a weapon with which the class conscious proletariat can enforce political and industrial control, afford an antidote against Syndicalism. As a matter of fact, the bizarre, pedantic, and bureaucratic revolutionary document containing this demand is nothing more than an effort to belittle the real, concrete advantages which the working people have obtained through the Shops Councils Law enacted by the present government. It is a document inspired with fear lest the real, political, and industrial achievements of the present administration may lessen the sedulously fostered dissatisfaction of the workingman. It is an example of the familiar policy of distracting attention from a bird in the hand by calling attention to a wonderful bird in the bush. From a political standpoint, the revolutionary Soviet programme of the Independent Socialists is another concession to the Communists for whom a place in the Soviet councils is expressly reserved. However, there would be considerable doubt of the Communists accepting this proffer, in view of their recent refusal to coöperate politically with the Independents.

Weakened by the cancer of Syndicalism, and with the Communists as unwilling allies, the Independent Socialist party has started a 'battle for political power' against the will of a majority of the working people, the Conservative Socialists, and the Trade Unions. It bolsters up its hopes with big words, in order to banish, if possible, fear of its own speedy end. The thousands who have gone over to the Communists, will not be enticed back by such pronouncements. The only effect of the new half-Communist Soviet programme of the Independents will be to increase the confusion among the radical working people still further. It will only strengthen the impression of chaotic disintegration which the whole radical opposition gives to present observers.

When these radical groups talk about getting control of the government on a half or wholly Communist programme, they are merely whistling to keep up courage. Before they could do that they would have to be certain that they could form a government. This conglomerate of parties, tendencies, groups and petty factions, unable to agree even while in opposition, with its leaders divided by bitter feuds, would not hold together as a government group for a single day. These people will never win the support of a majority of the German people. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only way that this little minority will be able to overrule the will of the majority is by force. Such an arbitrary dictatorship — leaving aside for the moment ethical considerations — involves the following conditions:

1. Leaders of overruling authority.
2. A definite, well-defined political and economic programme supported at least in principle by all the immediate adherents of the party.
3. An educated group of men at the top competent to carry out this platform.
4. Complete loyalty on the part of a large group of followers who are ready to defend their leaders.

Since none of these conditions exists, any attempt to run the government will result in the dictatorship of a small minority group. Budapest and Munich are warning examples.

Germany will never permit herself to be controlled by a minority in the Bolshevist fashion. The incompetent radical opposition lacks both intellectual and physical resources to exercise such control. Hilferding, one of the wisest and clearest-headed men among the Independent Socialists, recently warned the readers of *Freiheit* to this effect. It would be a catastrophe if that party should be forced to take over the government as a result of the pressure of foreign politics.

There is no other salvation for Germany than a policy based upon the will of a majority of the people directed toward the conscientious and sober-minded employment of all of our resources to restore what we have lost, to utilize to the best advantage what little we have rescued, to concentrate all the productive forces of the nation in order to meet the obligations to which we have engaged ourselves, and to reconstruct our own country. This is the policy of the three majority parties and of the government which represents them. Any departure from this path, whether toward reaction or toward radicalism, will precipitate a catastrophe.

It is not necessary to discuss seriously the possibility that the reactionaries will be able to restore the old régime. Such visionary projects may occupy a few hair-brained people, but conditions both abroad and at home forbid their realization. But an attempt on the part of the radicals to erect a dictatorship would lead to civil war, hunger, and famine, afflicting the whole nation worse than any hardships we have hitherto experienced and would destroy all hope of an immediate improvement in our situation. It would make it impossible to fulfill the conditions of the treaty and lead to a renewal of a state of war and the enemy's occupation of our land. It probably would be the beginning of the end of the independence and unity of the German people.

The results of such an enterprise would be calamitous beyond comprehension. It might cause the complete Balkanizing and Bolshevizing of Middle Europe, and its dire effects would not be spared to the countries of the West. It would kill all hope of ever returning to peace and prosperity and of eventually burying the hatred that divides nations and prevents the inauguration of a better era.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*Le Figaro* (Conservative Daily), *January 9, 1920*]

AMERICA'S CREDIT TO FRANCE

BY LOUIS H. AUBERT

For several months a few dozen theorists, or simpletons, have been exercising their ingenuity trying to discover some way to solve at a single stroke the financial crisis that exists throughout the world. Hitherto, however, no financier of standing has gone so far astray as to suggest that a situation so serious, and due to such a variety of causes, can be whisked out of existence by the mere passage of a magic wand, or by printing some tons of new paper securities.

We know quite well what the only practical and effective remedies are. They have been enumerated time and again. There are several of them, that must be employed simultaneously. Then we must trust to time to do the rest.

If Sir George Paish has actually told the Americans, as certain obscure dispatches assert, that Europe must have credits reaching ten billions of dollars, or more than a hundred billions of francs, we have no reason to suppose that he actually believes the Americans can advance such a sum. In suggesting these figures, he merely wished to startle the imagination of the American public and to induce it to give this question of credit more attention that it has received hitherto.

Sir George knows the United States too well to overlook the state of sentiment prevailing in that country. So far as France is concerned — whether it be our fault or not — the Americans consider our financial situation critical, and they have no confidence in our solvency. One of their principal bankers said to a member of the Schneider mission: 'You are on the eve of a new Battle of the Marne in the economic and financial campaign, and your friends are profoundly grieved to see that you apparently are not worried over its issue.'

All the speeches we may make, all the appeals we may address to the spirit of international solidarity, will not close the eyes of the Americans to the essential fact that France imported goods in 1919 to the value of twenty billions of francs above its exports, while before the war this excess was less than one billion. A merchant adopting such an imprudent policy would deserve no credit in the opinion of Americans. To grant new credits, according to their view, would merely lessen the chance of collecting what is already due them, and encourage their creditor in continued extravagance. The Americans won't consent to this.

If we wish to change their attitude in our favor, and eventually to obtain long term credits from them, our first duty is to reduce immediately our unfavorable balance of trade. *We must export much and import little.*

To this, people answer that in order to export it is essential to produce a great deal, and that our powers of production are crippled. This is not strictly accurate, for many of our manufacturers are producing more than they did before the war. The difficulty is that our national consumption has increased so that we have no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surplus to export. There is where the trouble lies.

The remedy is, on the one hand, to levy such heavy taxes that people cannot indulge in extravagance, and on the other hand, to compel manufacturers to set aside a certain percentage of all they produce for exportation. Should we thus bring about a shortage of perfumery or silk stockings in France, so much the worse for those who want those things. Public interest has priority.

At the same time we must discover a way to reduce our imports. First of all, we should prohibit bringing into the country things that are not absolutely indispensable. Since the armistice, we have gone to work in a rather blundering way to rebuild and reëquip our ruined factories. We should take this matter in hand more systematically and grant priority to industries that will supply us with things to export. In that way we might cut down our purchases of machinery and raw materials abroad. We should issue no import licenses for raw materials to be used in manufacturing, except to factory owners who agree to set aside a certain proportion of their production for exportation.

Finally, we should immediately reform our transportation service. We could ship more goods abroad to-day if our railways were running normally. Here we touch upon the question of a moral reform, quite as important in its way as reform in physical conditions. Our railways are badly run down to be sure, but the discipline of the personnel has suffered an even more serious decline. We must put more backbone into our management, and take stern measures against slackers, freight thieves, and employees who maliciously interfere with good service. We are not primarily concerned as to whether our exports go to the United States, where the premium on the dollar becomes a premium upon our goods, or to Switzerland or Spain, or to other countries where exchange is not so heavily against us. It seems necessary to repeat over and over again to those who persist in ignoring the simplest laws of international exchange, that the trade balance of a country is a unit. Foreign exchange is like a liquid in communicating vessels. If we sell to Switzerland or Germany, we thereby raise the value of the franc in relation to the dollar, just as much as if we sell directly to the United States.

When we begin to improve our exchange by our own labor, we shall by that very fact demonstrate that we deserve more credit. If we help ourselves, our allies will help us. There will be lenders for those who command the confidence of lenders.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*The Cornhill Magazine*]

AN OLD-FASHIONED ENGLISH POET

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

Five Hundreth Points of Good Husbandry United to as Many of Good Huswifery was the sixth edition in twenty years of a book which that fact alone proves to have been a power in its day. It was, indeed, more lasting than that, for it had twenty editions between 1557, when it began with a modest 'Hundreth Pointes,' and 1692, when the black-letter quartos ended. Thomas Tusser, the author of it, was a gentleman-farmer and had the education of one. He began as a singing boy at Wallingford, went next to St. Paul's, then to Eton, where Nicholas Udall gave him once fifty-three strokes 'for fault but small, or none at all'; presently to Cambridge, where Trinity Hall had him at nurse. All that done, he settled as a farmer under the Lord Paget in Suffolk; and there it was that in 1557 he published his notable book. Taking the months *seriatim*, beginning, as he should, in September, he runs through the whole round of work with an exhaustiveness and accuracy which could hardly be bettered to-day. Given a holding of the sort he had, a man might do much worse than obey old Tusser from point to point.

He wrote in verse, a verse which is not often much better than those rustic runes which still survive, wherein weather-lore and suchlike sometimes prompt and sometimes are prompted by a rhyme. The best of these semi-proverbial maxims are recalled by the best of Tusser. Take this of the autumn winds as an example:

The West, as a father, all goodness doth bring,
The East, a forbearer, no manner of thing;
The South, as unkind, draweth sickness too near,
The North, as a friend, maketh all again clear.

But he can be more pointed than that, and no less just—as where he is telling the maids how to wash linen:

'Go wash well,' saith Summer, 'with sun I shall dry.'
'Go wring well,' saith Winter, 'with wind so shall I.'

He is never dull if he is never eloquent; he is always wise if he is seldom witty. Among the Elizabethan poets there will have been many of a lowlier quality; many who could not have reached the piety and sweet humor of 'My friend if cause doth wrest thee,' which, with its happy close of 'and sit down, Robin, and rest thee,' is the best known of all his rhymes. As a verbal acrobat I don't suppose any of them could approach him. His greatest feat in that kind was his 'Brief Conclusion' in twelve lines, every word in every line of which began with T. Thus:

The thrifty that teacheth the thriving to thrive,
Teach timely to traverse the thing that thou 'trive—

and so on. If *Peter Piper* dates so early, Tusser beats it handsomely.

For the rest, he writes doggerel, and has no other pretensions that I can see. All the Elizabethans did, Shakespeare among the best of them. And I don't know that Shakespeare's doggerel is much better than Tusser's doggerel. It is something that, swim-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ming in such a brave company, he should keep his head above water; and something more that in one other point Tusser can vie with the foremost. His knack of christening his personages with *ad hoc* names recalls Shakespeare's, which, with its Dick the Carter and Marian's nose, was of the same kind and degree. Here is an example, where he wishes to instill the value of hedge mending. If you let your fences down, he says:

At noon, if it bloweth, at night if it shine,
Out trudgeth Hew Makeshift with hook and with line;
While Gillet his blowse is a milking thy cow,
Sir Hew is a rigging thy gate, or thy plough.

Autolycus sang like that. Now take an allusive couplet addressed to the house mistress, that she by all means see the lights out:

Fear candle in hay loft, in barn, and in shed,
Fear Flea-smock and Mend-breech for burning their bed.

Right Shakespearean direction in that: few words and to the mark. But Tusser is seldom up to that level, and never on it long.

We may as well be clear about the kind of farmer Tusser was before we go any further. A farmer, indeed, he happens to have been; but he was also a husbandman. A farmer in his day was a man who paid a yearly rent for something, by no means necessarily land. To farm a thing was to pay a rent for it. You could farm the tithe of the King's taxes; you could farm a landlord's rent roll, a corporation's market dues, the profits of a bridge or of a highway. The first farmers of land were the men who took over all the estates of a monastery, paying the holy men a sufficiency, and making what they could over and above. In Elizabeth's time the great landlords had taken a leaf out of the monks' book, and the farmer of land was becoming more common. There were yet, however, many husbandmen who were not farmers at all: yeoman of soccage tenure, and tenants by copy of court roll. That class was probably the most numerous of all, and Tusser, though he objected to its common fields and 'champion land,' as he calls it, had plenty to tell them. He must, I think, himself have been a copyholder in his day, so feelingly does he deal with the detriments of a champion holding. The need, for example, of watching the beasts straying at will over the open fields.

Where champion wanteth a swineherd for hog,
There many complaineth of naughty man's dog.
Where each his own keeper appoints without care,
There corn is destroyed ere men be aware.

And again, more bitterly:

Some pester the commons with jades and with geese,
With hog without ring, and with sheep without fleece;
Some lose a day's labor with seeking their own,
Some meet with a booty they would not have known.
Great troubles and losses the champion sees,
And even in brawling, as wasps among bees:
As charity that way appeareth but small;
So less be their winnings, or nothing at all.

The probabilities are that he was quite right; but so long as copyhold endured so long lasted the open fields.

Tusser's holding, and that of every husbandman in England in his time, was self-sufficient. Not only did you eat your own mutton, make your own souse, your own beer, cheese, butter, wine, cordials, and physic; you built your own house, made your own roads, fenced your own lands, contrived your own ploughs, wains, wagons, wheelbarrows, and all manner of tools. But much more than that. You grew your own hemp, had your own ropewalk, twisted your own twine; you grew your flax and wove your linen;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you tanned and dressed your own leather, cut and spun your own wool, made, no doubt, your own clothes. Indeed, you stood four-square to fate in Tusser's time; and in that particular, as well as in another which I must speak of next, you were much nearer to Hesiod's farmer than to ours. This precept of his upon the uses of your woodland recalls Hesiod directly:

Save elm, ash, and crabtree for cart and for plough;
Save step for a stile of the crotch of the bough;
Save hazel for forks, save sallow for rake;
Save hulver and thorn, thereof flail to make.

Hulver is holly. In the same section (April) he has a verse about stone-picking which will show his encyclopædic grip of his matter:

Where stones be too many, annoying thy land,
Make servant come home with a stone in his hand:
By daily so doing, have plenty ye shall,
Both handsome for paving and good for a wall.

He bought little or nothing, trafficked very much by barter, and had scarcely any need for money. His men and maids lived in the house, and if they were paid anything, he does not say so. I suppose they were paid something, those of them who were not apprentices, bound for a seven-years' term. They stood to his wife and himself as children, had their keep, learned their business, married each other by and by, and probably set up for themselves with a pig and a cock and hen on a pightle of land of the master's. It was a family relationship well into the eighteenth century. Horace Walpole used to call his servants his family. With the privilege of parenthood went the power of the rod. There's no doubt about that: maid and man had it if it was earned. In his dairy instruction Tusser gives us a list of 'ten topping guests unsent for' whose presence in the cheese will cause Cicely to rue it. There are:

Gehazi, Lot's wife, and Argus his eyes,
Tom Piper, poor Cobler, and Lazarus' thighs:
Rough Esau, with Maudlin, and gentles that scrawl,
With Bishop that burneth — ye thus know them all.

Gehazi the leper is in cheese when it is white and dry; Lot's wife when it is too salt; Argus's eyes are obvious;

Tom Piper hath hoven and puffèd up cheeks;

Poor Cobler is there when it is leathery; Esau betrays himself by hairs, Maudlin by weeping; and as for the 'Bishop that burneth,' the explanation is complicated. It seems that Cicely would run after the bishop for his blessing, and leave the milk on the fire to burn. For all these ill-timed guests you are to baste Cicely, or 'tug her a crash,' or 'make her seek creeks'; you 'call her a slut,' or 'dress her down.' But you encourage her at the end with this quatrain:

If thou, so oft beaten,
Amendest by this,
I will no more threaten,
I promise thee, Cis.

Fizgig, too, which is his lively name for the kitchen knave, gets the holly-wand across his quarters when he deserves it; but Tusser seems to feel that discipline may be overdone. It may be waste of good stick and good pains, for:

As rod little mendeth where manners be spilt,
So naught will be naught, say and do what thou wilt;

and he is careful to remind you in concluding his chapter of Huswifely Admonitions that you had always better smile than scold:

Much brawling with servant, what man can abide?
Pay home when thou fightest, but love not to chide.

The whole matter of servants is an amusing or rueful study nowadays,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accordingly as one looks at servants. Their treatment under Tusser's handling brings the husbandman-poet very near to Hesiod, in whose time servitude was not called by any other name. Tusser's huswife, warned by the main cock, called up her maids and men at four in the summer, at five in the winter. She packed them off to bed at ten or nine at night, according to the season, and, it would appear, to bed in the dark. She made her own candles, and feared also a fire, which will account for that. There was no early tea for Mistress Tusser's maids, let me tell you:

Some slovens from sleeping no sooner get up
But hand is in aumbry and nose is in cup.

Nothing of the kind with Mrs. Tusser. On the other hand, hard work all round: 'sluts' corner' to be ridded; sweeping, dusting, mop-twirling.

Let some to peel hemp, or else rushes to twine,
To spin or to card, or to seething of brine;

and as for the men:

Let some about cattle, some pastures to view,
Some malt to be grinding against ye do brew.

And so to breakfast. The morning star was the signal for it; and a hasty meal was expected of you:

Call servants to breakfast, by day-star appear,
A snatch, and to work — fellows tarry not here

You had porridge and a scrap of meat, and if you laid hands on something sweeter, look out for Mrs. Tusser:

'What tack in a pudding?' saith greedy gut-wringer:
Give such ye wot what, ere a pudding he finger.

And, summarily, of breakfast there is this to be understood, that it is a thing of grace, not of custom:

No breakfast of custom provide for to save,
But only for such as deserveth to have.

Very near Hesiod indeed!

For your dinner at noon you were more hospitably served. First of all, it was ready for you:

By noon see your dinner be ready and neat:
Let meat tarry servant, not servant his meat —

and you were to have enough — plain fare, but enough.

Give servants no dainties, but give them enow;
Too many chaps wagging do beggar the plough;

but even here you would get according to your deserts. If you were lazy at your threshing you would be given 'a flap and a trap,' whatever those may be. And you were expected to eat the trencher bare:

Some gnaweth and leaveth, some crusts and some crumbs:
Eat such their own leavings, or gnaw their own thumbs.

In the hot weather you had time for sleep allowed you:

From May to mid-August an hour or two
Let Patch sleep a snatch, howsoever ye do.
Though sleeping one hour refresheth his song,
Yet trust not Hob Grouthead for sleeping too long.

Then came afternoon work, and at last supper. Here the mistress might unbend somewhat; for, as Tusser puts it:

Whatever God sendeth, be merry withal.

She had still, however, an eye for the servants:

No servant at table use sauc'ly to talk,
Lest tongue set at large out of measure do walk;
No lurching, no snatching, no striving at all,
Lest one go without, and another have all.

And then a final word:

Declare after supper — take heed thereunto —
What work in the morning each servant shall do.

And then — bed!

There were feast days, of course: Christmas to Epiphany was one long feast; then Plough Monday, Shrovetide, Sheep-shearing, Wake-Day, Harvest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Home, Seed-Cake — these as the times came round. But there was a weekly regale too, which was known as Twice-a-Week Roast. On Sundays and Thursdays a hot joint was the custom at supper. Tusser is clear about the value and sanction at once:

Thus doing, and keeping such custom and guise,
They call thee good huswife — they love thee likewise.

Those days are past and done, with much to regret and much more to be thankful for. You trained good servants that way — but did you make good men and women? Some think so, and I among them; but such training is two-edged, and while I feel sure that the girls and lads were the better for the discipline, I cannot believe that the masters and mistresses were. They nursed arrogance; out of them came the tyrants and gang-drivers of the eighteenth century; Act of Settlement, the Enclosure Acts, rick-burning, machine-breaking, and the Bloody Assize of 1831. Well, now the reckoning has come, and Hodge will have Farmer Blackacre at his discretion.

One or two variations from modern practice may be noted. The Elizabethan husbandman grew, I have said, his own flax and hemp; he grew his vines too, and Tusser bids him prune them in February. I, who grew mine, call that fully early. He does not tell us when he gathered his grapes or (what I very much want to know) how he made his wine — whether with pure fermented grape-juice, which is the French way, or by adding water and sugar to the must, which is our present English fashion. Again, he used sheep's milk both for draught and for butter-making.* You weaned the lambs at Philip and Jacob, he says, if you wanted any milk from the ewe. Lastly, he grew saffron, which he pared between the two St. Mary's days. To pare is to strip the soil with a breast plough. The two St. Mary's days were July 22 and August 15, which would be a pretty good time to plant saffron.

We also, in my country, date our operations by holy days, long after the holy men have ceased to be commemorated. Who knows St. Gregory's Day? It is March 12. Marrowfat peas go into the drill:

Sow runcivals timely, and all that is gray;
But sow not the white till St. Gregory's Day.

I will undertake that half a dozen old hands round about my house follow out this rule in its entirety.

* In so doing he had better butter than we shall ever have. Those who have eaten sheep's-milk butter in Athens will agree with me.

[*Everyman*]

THE MEANING OF DREAMS

BY 'SCIENCE'

THE crude and ineffectual methods by which medical men attempted to deal, until comparatively recent years, with mental disorders may be some justification for the cult of psycho-analysis which is now growing by leaps and bounds. But it is time that the general public began to appreciate what psycho-analysis means. Freud, who was the first to invest this practice with a halo of scientific precision, has admittedly added much to our knowledge of the roots of perverted and obsessional ideas. He may be admitted to have thrown considerable light, also, on the abnormalities of generally normal persons, to have suggested at least some of the causes of fears and anxieties. But how far the present developments of his work are useful or even safe must be left to the judgment of the general public who, to my mind, are more likely to judge correctly in this matter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dreams have gone through various vicissitudes. By many people, even by many men of science, they have been commonly disregarded as the inconsequent ejectamenta of the mind. They have been regarded much as the project of an elaborate machine which is running without its escapement wheel or 'governor.' There have been attempts to interpret them as full of meaning. Some interpreters have stressed the bodily origin of dreams and have tried to make the dream a sort of explanation or story written round a bodily change or a sense impression. Others have seen in dreams a symbolic account of the patient's life, forming a whole. Others, again, have taken dreams in detail and have evolved an elaborate cipher for the interpretation of their images or conceptions. And, of course, there are those who have found in dreams a symbolic warning for the future.

Now, it cannot be said that Freud, despite the scorn he pours on these various methods of interpretation, is not tarred with the same brush. His method of interpretation depends upon symbols and ciphers, just as much. Sometimes he takes the dream as a whole, a clearly symbolic story. Sometimes he takes them in detail and substitutes various things out of normal life for the quite different images shown in the dream. The new thing he has added is the theory that sexuality is at the back of all these things, and his psycho-analysis consists of a hunt through the inconsequences and irrelevancies of the mind until somehow he has fastened on a sexual explanation. 'I can only repeat afresh,' he says, 'the principle which I have always found to be true, that sexuality, in the main, is the key to the problems both of the psycho-neuroses and of the neuroses. He who disdains to use this key will never be in a position to solve them.'

Let me make clear at once that the disgusting character of Freud's explanations is, in my opinion, no valid objection to his methods. I merely wish to question their *validity* and to make clear some of the consequences which are at present emerging from the following of his theories. Dreams are of the first importance to Freud. 'When I give a psycho-neurotic patient analytical treatment, dreams are always, as I have said, the subject of our discussion.' His practice is to get his patients to tell their dreams, *uncritically*, that is, with a direct and emphatic repression of the critical faculty; and then he uses the dreams as a sort of series of texts, and asks the patient to tell him the atmosphere of it, the explanation or comment it suggests — again uncritically. Anything which the mind casts up as an association of the figure or episode of the dream is to be told; and patients are made to place themselves in the half-sleepy state of prehypnosis in order that such 'associations' may enter the mind the more readily and be recounted without fear or favor.

Now, the method adopted for neuropathological cases is claimed to have been, and to be, successful. Obsessions and functional disturbances (though many of these seem like organic affections) disappear when their origin has been tracked down. 'Where it has been possible to trace such a pathological idea back to the element in the psychic life of the patient to which it owes its origin, this idea has crumbled away, and the patient has been relieved of it.' So far as one can see this is not true as it is stated; for Freud himself states the necessity of *acceptance* by the patient of the truth of the explanation, and if this be true I wonder how this differs from a rather elaborate and unnecessary method of suggestion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If anyone will take the trouble to read some of the literature of the subject he will soon be conscious of a fanciful atmosphere. Even in Freud's classical book the same thing is evident. 'The dream is a fulfillment of a wish,' he says; but the involved manipulation to which he resorts in order to make this appear reasonable is simply staggering. There is a vast class of anxiety dreams which can only be made to fit into this generalization by a complete inversion. And, in the end, on Freud's showing — if dreams represent a wish at all — it is sometimes a very frank and crudely circumstantial fulfillment; sometimes a wholly symbolical story; again a wish that peeps through and can only be interpreted by the cipher method; sometimes it is only to be seen in its complete inhibition. The variety of dreams really bursts through this thin, fanciful filament with which Freud seeks to bind them. I will give but one instance to show how utterly fanciful Freud can be. 'I cite the dream of the girl who saw her sister's little son lying dead in a coffin, but who felt no pain or sorrow. We know from analysis why not. The dream only concealed her wish to see the man she loved again.'

But I wish to point out that numbers of people are now applying these methods of analysis, and many of them are certainly not qualified medical men, even if they are qualified at all. Their method involves the sexual explanation of fancies and dream episodes which not one person in a thousand would have connected with sexuality at all. Frequently such analyses continue for very long periods; and, as Freud suggests, the patients are commonly women who almost invariably fall in love with the analyst. How far can we be sure that the analysts do not actually suggest the sort of explanations they find in their patients' minds? How far can we be sure that it is wise to have our hidden and ineffectual (not to say passing) fancies explained and thereby strengthened as definite sexual impulses? I remember when there was a loud outcry against confession as liable to suggest filthiness to penitents. But that charge would seem to lie most certainly at the doors of psycho-analysts who are pledged by their theories to find sexuality at the root of everything, and the medical profession would do well to warn people against irresponsible and untrained analysts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*The English Review*]

THE ROMANCES OF RIDER HAGGARD

BY EDWARD C. RASHLEIGH

In presenting us with *When the World Shook*, which as an effort of imaginative daring is alone surpassed by that incomparable romance with which his name will always be associated — I refer, of course, to *She* — Sir Rider Haggard again emphasizes a fact we have long suspected — that in spite of his wide popularity, perhaps because of it, he has not yet been completely understood or appreciated by his public. The obvious view of him as a writer of romance, a compiler of intensely exciting stories of adventure, has been so long familiar to his readers that his attractions as a philosopher have been somewhat overlooked. It will be our endeavor on the present occasion, after glancing at his work from the conventional point of view, to attempt some rediscovery of him in his less obtrusive aspect.

The romance of imaginative adventure is especially welcome to the Anglo-Saxon temperament, because it appeals to certain innate racial instincts which can neither be eradicated nor stifled. I confess I have little patience with those who affect a superior disdain for this kind of fiction; who complain of a 'deadly silence,' of 'seeing everywhere the hand that pulls the wires,' of 'purely artificial excitement' leaving them 'cold and a trifle fatigued.'

I have in mind a certain critic who lamented the production of these and other romances because, as he put it, they tended 'to the awakening in the young of the feudal ideal, which it has cost the world such a deluge of blood and tears partly to get rid of.' The same sad scribe went on to allude to 'the pernicious influence of Sir Walter Scott'! Such opinions are not likely, even in these latter days of disenchantment, to gain wide acceptance. For though to-day no golden Spanish Main, that Aladdin's hinterland, calls us to explore its wonders, no undiscovered country, not even to north and south those 'thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,' any longer awaits the lifting of the veil, the spirit of adventure, if limited in its aspirations and shorn of its fulfillment by the increasing ugliness of modern life, still smoulders within us and still responds to those magicians who have the cunning and the art to kindle it into flame.

And among their company Sir Rider Haggard has long wielded a wand second to none in power and enchantment. Being gifted, indeed, with an imagination which, as the late Sir Walter Besant once observed, is 'stronger, more vivid, more audacious than any other writer of his time,' he creates where his followers merely manipulate. And it is precisely for that reason that he still remains unrivaled in the department of fiction which he has made peculiarly his own.

Few writers have been more recklessly accused of plagiarism, and none has suffered more in this respect than the subject of this paper. Sir Rider Haggard, indeed, has to a certain extent plagiarized himself. Such similarities as we have discovered, how-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever, rather court our gratitude than provoke our regret. We are not bored, for instance, with the trial by fire in *The Wizard* because we have already made acquaintance with that lord of the lightnings, Indaba-Zimbi, in *Allan's Wife;* the ghosts which gather to welcome the dying Eric on Mosfell do not inspire us with any less lively apprehension because we have before been introduced to a company of equally portentous 'Sahus' at the passing of Cleopatra; nor, again, would we willingly have missed the fray on the knees of the Old Stone Witch who sat aloft 'waiting for the world to die' because it recalls a like Homeric conflict in the closing chronicles of *Allan Quatermain.* That originality, moreover, is strictly limited, was possibly no new discovery even in the days of Solomon. It has been increasingly evident, as far as romance is concerned, since the time of Apuleius.

For sheer audacity, his latest effort is second to none of its author's performances. The ruins of Kôr had the respectable antiquity of a hundred centuries or so, but the marvelous city of Nyo, situated in a region of mysterious light thousands of feet beneath the earth's surface, surpasses even Kôr's length of days by the trifle of two hundred and forty thousand years! It is not, as might have been expected, in the region of the Azores, the peaks, if we may credit the ingenious speculations of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of the lost Atlantis, that Sir Rider Haggard has laid the scene of his latest fantasy. But it is on the mysterious island of Orofena in the Southern Pacific — a remnant of the still more ancient continent of Lemuria — that the three modern Englishmen, Arbuthnot, the wealthy mystic, Bastin, the dull, unimaginative, high-church parson, and Bickley, the medical skeptic, are wrecked, thanks to a particularly vigorous cyclone, and resurrect from their quarter of a million years' sleep the old Superman, Oro, and his fascinating daughter, the Lady Yva.

Of the effect of their appearance on the different mentalities of Bastin, Bickley, and Arbuthnot, of the extraordinary experiences of these three in the subterranean region of Nyo, of the love of Arbuthnot for the Lady Yva in whom he finally discovers the personality of his dead wife reincarnated, and of how the final tragedy of the world's destruction was averted by the latter's self-sacrifice — of all this let the reader learn from the book itself. The description, in the closing chapters, of the World's Balance — a gigantic mountain of metal two thousand feet and more in height, spinning eternally like a huge humming-top, or gyroscope, in the interior of the earth, and traveling as it spins, and of Oro's attempt to divert its course, is as daring and arresting a flight of the imagination as anything Sir Rider Haggard has achieved. 'Who shall say,' as Mr. Holly has observed, 'what proportion of fact, past, present, or to come, may lie in the imagination? What is imagination? Perhaps it is a shadow of the intangible truth, perhaps it is the soul's thought!'

We may, indeed, pause to ask ourselves whether the idea of an age of culture far ahead of our own in the far-off dawn of the world is so wild a speculation after all. On the authority of Professor Keith, the period since the human stem became differentiated from that which led on to the great anthropoid apes is about two million years; and, on the same authority, man had reached the human standard in size of brain by the commencement of the Pliocene epoch, or about a million years ago. Is it, then, so certain — bearing in mind what vast geological changes have occurred — that it is only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the fraction of the last seven thousand years or so that man has been civilized, and that during the whole of the enormous preceding period he has existed continuously in some condition akin to the Neanderthal?

In glancing back over the long list of Sir Rider Haggard's achievements, it is no easy matter to decide with whom out of all the excellent fellowship of his adventurers we shall more particularly concern ourselves. The African exploits of Mr. Allan Quatermain have alone furnished material for no less than nine romances, while two further chronicles have recently commenced as serials in the magazines. One of these — *The Ancient Allan* — deals with his preëxistence in Egypt at the time of the Persian Conquest; and the other, wherein we welcome the reappearance of one Umslopogaas, bears the arresting title of '*She' Meets Allan*, which in itself is sufficient to conjure up all kinds of speculations anent a further visit to the delectable region of Kôr.

But, Allan apart, our choice is a sufficiently wide one. We can gaze upon the glories of Montezuma's Tenochtitlan with Thomas Wingfield or the lost wonders of desolate Zimbabwe with Prince Aziel; dare Goldfoss with Eric Brighteyes or make that desperate and amazing journey into the Mist country with Juanna Rodd and Leonard Outram. Jerusalem besieged by Titus. Byzantium under the Empress Irene and Constantine the Sixth; Venice in the time of the Great Plague; Seville and Granada in the spacious days of Ferdinand and Isabella; the Netherlands groaning under the bloody sword of Alva; the mountainous kingdom of Al-je-bal, the sinister Lord of the Assassins; the unexplored wilds of Yucatan, of Abyssinia, or of No Man's Land at the back of Thibet beneath the shadow of the mystic Fire-Mountain of Kaloon — all these invite a visit; while if we would explore the magic and mysteries of Ancient Egypt we can do so when Rameses ruled at Thebes or Cleopatra at Alexandria. Better still, to revert to Zululand, we can go a-hunting by night on Ghost Mountain with the Wolf-Brethren Umslopogaas and Galazi; or, best of all, we can steer for that wondrous region portaled by the Ethiopian's Head, give greeting to old Billali, and wander awhile with Ayesha amid the sad splendors of the tombs of Kôr.

Whichever expedition we decide upon we shall be quite easy in our minds on the score of getting safely through. Were Sir Rider Haggard presented, like Cadmus of old, with a handful of dragon's teeth to sow, the crop of warriors that would arise would make the shade of Frederick the Great quite envious. It would be no light matter to get together a bodyguard of such doughty units as Sir Henry Curtis, Umbopa and Twala, Umslopogaas and Galazi, Eric Brighteyes, Skallagrim and Ospakar Blacktooth, Martin the Frisian, Otter the conqueror of the Snake, the twin brothers Godwin and Wulf, and, if we are not superstitious of thirteen, golden-harnessed Odysseus.

The tale of scalps these paladins accounted for between them would suffice to decorate a whole tribe of Fenimore Cooper's Indians. Umslopogaas alone, if I remember rightly, had cut one hundred and three notches in the shaft of 'Groanmaker' before ever he tackled the Masai or stood with Kara at the head of the flying stairway. Which reminds me that Sir Rider Haggard has been frequently accused of bloodthirsty instincts and with pandering to unwholesome appetites. It has, indeed, been asserted that, like the Abyssinian natives whom Bruce of Munchausen fame was held to have maligned, he dines exclusively on raw steaks, and that his romances 'reek

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with blood like a very shambles.' The accusation, however, is beside the mark, because it wholly begs the question of Sir Rider Haggard's outlook, and violates the rule which Maupassant has truly said will ever need repeating a thousand times, that, whatever the reader may like or dislike, the critic, if he be worthy of the name, has no right to concern himself about tendencies. 'He must judge the particular work solely in relation to the nature of the attempt.'

Sir Rider Haggard's attempt is to deal with heroic times and episodes in a heroic and realistic manner. In this, as I think, he has quite remarkably succeeded. *Nada the Lily*, for instance, where slaughter is on as large a scale as in anything he has given us, is most certainly as true and as powerful a presentment of savage existence as can easily be found either in fiction or out of it.

But it is by no means only as a graphic chronicler of rousing combats, or yet as a painter of scenes that are terrible or ghastly, that Sir Rider Haggard appeals to us. His work has charms of a higher value, wizardries of a more abiding potence. I think it is M. Paul Bourget who has observed that 'the novelist who desires to live shall continue to put poetry in his prose.' Sir Rider Haggard has a gift of poetry which, when most happily allied to his rare imagination and inventiveness, enables him to reach a far loftier height than most fabulists whose aim is no more than an exciting story of adventure. He has, indeed, an epic sense which would transcend the limits of our mundane vision and open out perspectives of some super-terrestrial landscape. There is about it a curious, indefinable quality — something of the twilight, more perhaps of the night; a night when summer lightning is abroad, when the stars seem alternately to approach and to recede from the atmosphere of earth. For it conveys, to me at least, a peculiar sense of the Infinite.

Sir Rider Haggard is brimful of it. It breaks out here and there in some arresting passage even in his more tranquil novels of everyday English life. Take, for instance, *Beatrice*, and *Colonel Quaritch, V. C.*, or, if you would have it in more abundant measure, *Stella Fregelius*. It is employed effectively, not twice or thrice, in *King Solomon's Mines* and *Allan Quatermain*. It is tense, yet restrained, in *Eric Brighteyes*, in *Montezuma's Daughter*, and in *Nada the Lily*. It pervasively illuminates *The World's Desire*. It reaches its loftiest expression in *Cleopatra*, in *She*, and in *Ayesha: The Return of She*. And though at times it is maddeningly contrasted with strange lapses into commonplace — for the reason, perhaps, that the romance of adventure is not, fundamentally, the most fitting place for its introduction — it is of supreme importance in any consideration of Sir Rider Haggard's performances because it is precisely where it is most finely and most unrestrainedly employed that we get the essence of his message and his meaning.

What, then, is this message? Superficially, it might be described as fatalism: that which must befall must befall. And in some degree Sir Rider Haggard may justly be said to have the prescience of the Norns ever upon him. Bearing in mind his Scandinavian antecedents, I can, indeed, almost imagine that in some previous incarnation he played the part of an Icelandic Skald and wandered from homestead to homestead foretelling disaster and doom. But it is by no means fatalism. It also goes far beyond the old Greek idea of Nemesis. It is rather the expression of a vivid sense of the unending

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conflict between the dual principles of evil and of good, of suffering and of joy; of the imperative and inevitable punishment or reward which is their sequel; and of the mystery and the silence of the Eternal Law by which they act and whence they proceed. Like a pervasive and recurrent tune, this theme runs in a weird music through all this author's romances; and however loudly the external clamor of the narrative appears to drown it, those who have ears to listen cannot fail to catch its meaning.

This breadth of vision, the natural attribute of an imagination which is impatient of the finite and is ever attempting to read the stars, also accounts, and alone accounts, for a quality in Sir Rider Haggard's work which is not to be confounded with mere blood-letting, namely, ruthlessness. And by ruthlessness I mean the apparently merciless manner in which he consigns so large a number of his characters to ruin or death. This treatment does not so much apply to his menfolk, for their exits from the drama are usually portrayed in such heroic fashion as to connote a sense of glory rather than of tears. But with his womenkind it is different. Thus, in *Dawn* we have Mildred Carr heart-broken; in the *Witch's Head* Eva Keswick delivered to a fate worse than death; in *Colonel Quaritch, V. C.*, Belle Quest cruelly deserted; while among those whose lot is death itself we have Jess, Marie, Beatrice, Joan Haste, Stella Quatermain, and Stella Fregelius; Sorais, Nada, and Gudruda; Otomie, Maya, and Elissa; Masouda and Ustane; Meriamum and Atene; Merapi and Yva.

But, however seemingly ruthless all this may appear, to interpret it as such is totally to misunderstand Sir Rider Haggard's point of view. The earthly sufferings and existences of his characters are, to him, no more than single pages from an innumerable series of lives, a series without any beginning or ending. Birth and death are, in his eyes, merely milestones on the orbit of our infinity. In the words of that mysterious being who haunted Holly's dreams: 'That which is alive hath known death, and that which is dead yet can never die. For in the Circle of the Spirit life is naught and death is naught. Yea, all things live forever, though at times they sleep and are forgotten.' Thus, in his more logical view, Eternity is not regarded, as by most, as something with a hither wall to it, but we are immortal here and now. Still further, and as a consequence of this sense of the infinite, he regards this present incarnation as far too short for any final judgment or assessment of humanity's deeds and sufferings. As 'the glow worm that shines in the night time and is black in the morning,' as 'the white breath of the oxen in winter,' as 'the little shadow that runs across the grass and loses itself at sunset'; such, as he beautifully puts it in the mouth of Ignosi, is our little span of earthly days and troublings.

And so, over all the tragedy and pain which he depicts — none the less tragic because heroically treated — he suffuses always, sometimes symbolically, sometimes in intenser radiance, the silver gleam of a dawn which is yet to be, a dawn of redemption and of peace. The last words of Elissa to Aziel, 'Beloved, there is hope'; the cry of Meriamum to Odysseus, 'Beneath the wings of Truth shall we meet again'; the shoe of the drowned Beatrice swept back to Geoffrey from the cruel sea; the cloak of Ayesha as it fell out of the blackness of the dreadful gulf on Leo Vincey; the unspoken message in the eyes of the dying Sorais; the wraith of Stella as it paused

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before Allan in the moonlight; the hand of Nada outstretched in greeting from her living tomb ere it quivered and grew still forever; the farewell message of Yva to Humphrey Arbuthnot; in all these there is the suggestion that the story is not yet ended and that all the inexplicable tragedy and loss, the cruelty and the pain, will elsewhere be balanced in the scales and their meaning rendered clear.

It is in the tragedy of Kôr and of Kaloon, in *She* and in *Ayesha: The Return of She*, that our author's art of blending mysticism with romance attains to its loftiest powers. The former is the more simple, the more clear, and, perhaps for that reason, the more successful of the two. We have Ayesha there presented to us, to quote Sir Rider Haggard's own words, 'as a type of intellectual materialism, satisfied with itself, and admitting the existence of no power beyond itself'; as a being, moreover, without any conception of the spiritual, whose ambitions and hopes, glorious and magnificent as they were, were all 'of the Earth, earthy.' In *Ayesha: The Return of She*, a far more ambitious effort, the allegorical side of the story is at once more lofty and — always a dangerous experiment — more obtrusive. As a romance it lacks that air of authenticity which contributed so highly to the success of its predecessor. If one is writing a pure fable of the Arabian Nights order, such as Beckford's *Vathek*, or Meredith's *Shaving of Shagpat*, inconsistencies are not of much moment. But *She* and its sequel — or, as the author prefers, its conclusion — purport to be a veracious account of an actual experience. And the fact that in places the latter romance contains statements as to the heroine's history which are in direct contradiction to those in the original work, spoils the illusion of reality.

Ayesha is now depicted as a far loftier being than in *She*, where, as has been said, her presentment is that of an immortal woman cherishing mere earthly ambitions. Here she is rather the immortal Spirit, of more mystical and transcendent powers. So, too, the great quest of Holly and Leo Vincey develops not merely as a material adventure of the body, but still more as an adventure of the soul. The avalanche, the glacier, the passions of Atene, the death-hounds, the last and arduous mountain beset with innumerable hidden dangers, all these must Leo's love and faith conquer. But not even yet is his victory complete. The love that shall be worthy of the divine must rise superior to the corruption and the horror of the grave; its endurance must outlast all finite limits. And hence the great trial in which he makes his choice for all eternity, and becomes justified in his faith by having restored to him the glory he had lost.

It is sincerely to be hoped that Sir Rider Haggard will one day give us the history of the *beginning* of his imaginative tragedy, and of the events which preceded and accompanied the flight of Amenartas and Kallikrates in those twilight days when the last of the native Pharaohs ruled in Egypt. Such a romance would surely be a fitting complement to the two he has already produced. It is, perhaps, idle to speculate as to which of his romances will hereafter be considered most worthy of permanent regard. Possibly, from a purely literary point of view, *Beatrice* is the best written, *Eric Brighteyes* the most artistic in form, *Nada the Lily* the most pervasively powerful, and, beyond question, *She*, and in a lesser degree, *Ayesha: The Return of She*, and *When the World Shook*, the most remarkable. To have said this, however, is to have left out the best of the Quatermain series, as well as *Jess*, *Cleopatra*, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Montezuma's Daughter. That of all his works *She* will live, whatever else does, is, I think, no incautious prophecy.

It remains to-day, as it was well described when it first saw the light over thirty-two years ago, 'as rich and original a piece of romance as any our age has seen,' and in its own kind it will not easily be paralleled.

That in some of his work we are, on occasions, suddenly brought to earth by the introduction of banalities, which especially jar when contrasted with things immortal and divine, may freely be admitted. It has also been said that his characters, in general, are too unswerving in their passions and aspirations, their loves and hates, accurately to represent life as we know it.

However that may be, he has given us in his own original, rugged manner what others of less imagination, if of greater literary gifts, have often failed to give us. He has caught more than an echo of 'those great invisible truths, the whisper of whose wings we hear at times as they sweep through the gross air of the world.' That evil begets evil and good begets good; that 'behind the night the royal sun rides on, ever the rainbow shines around the rain'—this seems to me the sum and essence of his message. He has preached it with a magic, that remains perdurable when boyhood is outgrown, which appealing ever to our heart and blood shall indeed keep our youth as eternal in us as ever the Rolling Flame beyond the gulf of Kôr might keep it.

[*The London Mercury*]

THE NOVELS OF MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE

BY JOHN FREEMAN

Wise men have foretold the death of imaginative literature. Spiderlike, science will seize the body of this gilded fly, stab it methodically into numbness, and then, feeding upon its vitals, will exhaust and destroy the useless thing. With sedulous precision the scientist will do what the artist, alas, has failed to do more than vaguely and uncertainly: he will reinterpret life, he will rediscover man's relation to a vaster universe. Ignoring or spurning all attempts at the æsthetic apprehension of the significance of life and time, he will at length announce his own positive formula by which all phenomena and all relations must be valued.

It is the scientist who will feel and communicate, with a dry ecstasy wholly his own, the isolation of man amid the meanness or the majesty of the world. That language which we yet speak, stiff with ancestral associations, will be discarded; obscure symbols, their order intelligible perhaps to another scientist but to no one else, will be used to express the secrets of life and riddles of death Thebes never knew. The watcher of the skies will be no Keats: back to his galley-pots will every Keats be driven. In the midst of that web called science the spider will sit with vigilant eyes, holding their cunning in momentary suspense, swelling with vaster and vaster accumulations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is not poetry alone that is threatened: imaginative art is not confined to poetry. The strange thing is that when Thomas Hardy has carried an imaginative view of life to a finer expression than that of any artist of his time, and shown how easily prose may wear the strict shackles of scientific precision, that prose itself should find no younger masters ready to use and develop it; as if Hardy's forsaking of prose for verse were no simple forsaking, but rather a subtle betrayal. Unique success is his in combining the imaginative with the scientific, the emotional with the rational, in his novels; his younger contemporaries seem to have failed equally in both directions.

It would be absurd to charge this dereliction to any single novelist or group of novelists. Mr. Conrad, for instance, simply evades the charge by being in his turn unique; Mr. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett fail in varying degrees but in both directions, and of their fellows it is hard to think of any who has not similarly failed. Where gifts are eminent the failure is eminent: hence this preface to remarks upon the novels of Mr. Compton Mackenzie. Diligent, observant, experienced, inexhaustible, or at any rate unexhausted, he has made his opportunities and gained a hearing; indeed, as he reminds us in the second volume of *Sinister Street*, he has won the greater advantage of a hearing refused, the libraries having so ineffably rejected the first volume. Nevertheless, from him that hath not ——. What is it, in fact, that has deprived him of the truest fruit of the gifts which he has? I make no attempt to disguise the fact that Mr. Mackenzie appears to be a writer who is not an imaginative artist, yet who might have been an imaginative artist; a novelist who has not concerned himself with life at all save in its external and mechanic motions. He has not confined himself to a single manner: his first book, *The Passionate Elopement*, was an eighteenth-century story in a style familiarized by less capable and less versatile practitioners. Little, indeed, was to be expected from an author whose first book contained such writing as:

> Presently he saw her join a blue mask and lose herself in the flickering throng. Last time he had remarked particularly that her *vis-à-vis* wore brown and gold, yet the two figures were alike in movement and gesture, and he could swear the hands were identical. It was the same without a doubt. Charles bit his nails with vexation, and fretted confoundedly.
>
> 'My dear boy, my dear Charles, pray do not gnaw your fingers. Narcissus admired himself, 't is true, but without carrying his devotion to cannibality.'
>
> Charles turned to the well-known voice of Mr. Ripple.
>
> 'A thousand pardons, dear Beau, I was vexed by a trifle. The masquerade comports itself with tolerable success.'

— and the glitter and varnish of an upholstered narrative casually spangled with Meredithean brightness. But Mr. Mackenzie's second novel, *Carnival*, disappointed expectation by being readable. Like some of its successors, it might be mistaken for realistic; while another, *Guy and Pauline*, might be termed idyllic by those who love the phrase. He moves and changes; he is a part of all that he has met; and you wonder at length what *he* is. For myself, I am reminded frequently of an ingenious character seen in provincial music halls, who to the eyes of a happy audience swiftly and imperceptibly invests and divests himself of many costumes of marvelous hue — one growing plain as another is impetuously flung off, blue gloves giving place to pink, a crimson shirt to an emerald, a shooting jacket to a dinner jacket — until I laugh unrestrainably.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Mackenzie has not sought a fugitive and cloistered virtue; his characters, as Johnson said of Gilbert Walmsley, mingle in the great world without exemption from its follies and its vices. He loves their activities; he sets them going and follows their whirring motion with the ruthless gayety of a child playing with toys, who stops them, breaks them, and sometimes sets them going again. He understands mechanics and they must move; and when they are run down in one book he winds them up again for another. He hurries hither and thither, clutching at the skirts of perpetual motion like that other pageant master, time. His scene is the capitals of Europe or a railway train between them. He shares with his characters, of whatever age, their brilliant youth. He invents untiringly. He does not vex himself or his readers with description, but if he pauses to paint he paints with unmistakable bright colors. He writes clearly: there is seldom a slovenly sentence, never a memorable one. He has a cruelly accurate ear for slang, and presents vulgarity with fond verisimilitude. Femininity haunts him; his flowers, even, remind him of frills. Something of extreme youth clings to his books — its zestfulness, curiosity, indiscriminateness, and its unregretful volatility.

But when, you may ask, remembering at once his gifts and his opportunities, his gifts and the world amid which they are exercised, when will he grow up? When, rather, will he grow down and strike first roots into the dark earth of the mind? When, amid all his brisk preoccupations with men and women, will he touch life?

Leaving generalization, it is interesting to look at one of the simplest of Mr. Mackenzie's novels, *Guy and Pauline*, published in 1915, and conspicuously dedicated to the Commander-in-Chief and the General Staff of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. It is the story of Guy Hazlewood (wound up again after *Sinister Street*) and a rector's daughter. Guy, returned from Macedonian Relief Fund work, is charmed by a watery Oxfordshire house called Plashers Mead, and settle there to write poetry. The rectory family are his neighbors, and with the rector's daughters, Margaret, Monica, and Pauline, he quickly obtains a brotherly footing, and then becomes engaged to the youngest.

The rector is a shadowy gardener with a singular fondness for answering every question, upon whatever subject and of whatever importance, by a reference to a blossoming or decaying plant; an idiosyncrasy which is supposed to endear him to his family. And it is an 'endearing' book. Everybody is unvaryingly sweet; the adjective is as common and as adhesive as mud. The three girls form a group of the kind for which the far more finely observant and delicate art of Miss Viola Meynell (among living novelists) has already obtained and exhausted our sympathy. Ungracious as the comparison must seem to both writers, it is irresistible and fatal. Linked sweetness too long drawn out becomes tiresome, and the indistinct softness of the style makes the book something more than tiresome.

Pauline hurried through a shower to church on Easter morning, and shook mingled tears and raindrops from herself when she saw that Guy was come to Communion. So then that angel had traveled from her bedside last night to hover over Guy and bid him wake early next morning, because it was Easter Day. With never so holy a calm had she knelt in the jeweled shadows of that chancel or returned from the altar to find her pew imparadised. When the people came out of church the sun was shining, and on the trees and on the tombstones a multitude of birds were singing. Never had Pauline felt the spirit of Eastertide uplift her with such a joy, joy for her lover beside her, joy for summer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

close at hand, joy for all the joy that Easter could bring to the soul.

Elsewhere:

The apple trees were already frilled with a foam of blossom; and on quivering boughs linnets with breasts rose-burnt by the winds of March throbbed out their carol. Chaffinches with flashing prelude of silver wings flourished a burst of song that broke as with too intolerable a triumph: then sought another tree and poured forth the triumphant song again. Thrushes, blackbirds, and warblers quired deep-throated melodies against the multitudinous trebles of those undistinguished myriads that with choric pæan saluted May; and on sudden diminuendoes could be heard the rustling canzonets of the goldfinches, rising and falling with reedy cadences.

The story is clogged by Guy's meditations upon 'poetical ambition'— he is in the early twenties — and yet, with all these grievous handicaps, it survives with sufficient force to express the poignancy with which an incomplete passion may sink to oblivion. In Pauline Mr. Mackenzie has succeeded in showing with simplicity and truth the quick development of a child to a passionate, then a despairing, and at last a forsaken woman; and in Guy the æsthetic frog swollen to a fraction larger than his nature and then relapsing into insignificance. I am not sure that the best of this novelist's achievement is not seen in the isolation of these characters, the sufficiency of quiet incident, and the sense — faintly yet perceptibly communicated — that the tragedy of separation is implicit in the persons of his story. The atmosphere may seem close, the setting fanciful, scenes, characters, and action diminished and slightly prettified; yet there is genuine movement, rise, and decline.

The occasion of Guy's last parting from Pauline is worth noting, if only because Guy happens to be but the present name of Mr. Mackenzie's invariable young man from Oxford; let it be remembered, however, that Guy reappears years after in *Sylvia and Michael* as a larger shadow and dies with the Serbians before Nish.

'Even if temporarily I were interested in another girl, you may be quite sure that she would always be second to you.'

'But you might be interested?' Pauline asked breathlessly.

'I must be free if I'm going to be an artist.'

'Free?' she echoed slowly.

There remains a negative merit. If the artist, as a hundred critics have asserted and a thousand authors forgotten, is proved by what he omits, it must be counted to Mr. Mackenzie for a virtue that this book of four hundred pages does not contain a single seduction, and that, despite the obvious piquancy of a contrast between Plashers Mead and a London night club, he has so easily and so blessedly avoided it.

The point is the more proper for remembrance, inasmuch as such forbearance is the last straining of the quality of mercy in this author. Mr. Mackenzie commonly prefers cities to country scenes, although a country scene in his earliest novel yielded him his first opportunity of teasing innocent readers with an unsavory interior. Since he is a cultured writer you might imagine that Hogarth had tutored him; but Hogarth is immensely masculine, and the origin of our novelist's inspiration need be sought no farther back than the 'nineties. Nothing is more surprising, at any rate to men approaching middle age, than the fitful incandescence of that spark with which the 'nineties were tinily illuminated. The inferior intelligence and the yet more inferior imagination which impelled certain artists — pleased with the phrase decadent — to magnify the ferment of youthful senses, may now seem even more trivial in their fruition than an Olympian judgment would allow. But it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is hard to be impartial when a purely remote contemplation is forbidden by the flashing reflections from living writers who are only in a narrow sense contemporary writers.

Coventry Patmore, chief poet and almost chief artist in that church of which we hear so much in Mr. Mackenzie's novels, asserted with more force than originality that what is morally bad is necessarily bad art; and he proceeded to say, less tritely, that the delicate indecency of so much modern art was partly due to deficient virility which, in proportion to its strength, is naturally modest. Pleading for plain speaking, he maintained that indecency (which only a fool could identify with plain speaking) is an endeavor to irritate sensations and appetites in the absence of natural passion; that which passes with so many for power and ardor being really, in his certain and indignant eyes, impotence and coldness. The distinction between plain speaking and delicate indecency is to be remembered when Mr. Mackenzie's most ambitious attempts at the English novel, *Sinister Street* and *Sylvia Scarlett*, are considered. There may be coarseness of expression, a fondness for trivial bluntness of phrase; but it would be stupid to see in that more than coarseness or bluntness.

The theme of *Sinister Street*, says the author, is the youth of a man who will presumably be a priest; a theme developed in nearly four hundred thousand words by something like the process of 'annual elongation' which Johnson observed in a Hebridean road. The book moves upon familiar biographical lines — the lonely children, the local school and lesser public school, Oxford, and the betrayed passion for a prostitute. It is an enormous and minute chronicle — of what? Of the externals of a boy's life, of the customs of school, flirtation with vulgar girls, evasions of school tasks, the ways of a decrepit group surviving from the 'nineties, Catholic ritual, and a little introspection here and there; and then, in the second volume, of the same externals of Oxford life drawn to the same scale. Such a scheme must needs attract the tens who have been to public school and university, and delight the tens of thousands who have n't. Is it taking a mean advantage of time's passage to compare *Sinister Street* with Serge Aksakoff's *Years of Childhood* and its successors?

Aksakoff treats childhood with a simplicity, a quiet intentness, by the side of which Mr. Mackenzie's enormous reconstruction seems loose and artificial. *Sinister Street* is vast in size and meagre in content. It is packed with superfluities. Three fourths of it is inessential to the author's declared intention; it is no more than a guide book cleverly designed (for example, the first week at Oxford) to evoke an illusion of Oxford in Pimlico and Shepherd's Bush; and concentrating upon the remaining fourth, you feel that your author has been aware of little more than the physiology of adolescence and the usual facile religious reactions. Boys from seventeen to twenty-three, girls from sixteen to any age, may find in Henry Meats *alias* Brother Aloysius, in Arthur Wilmot the last of the Decadents, in the Lilys and the Daisys of the streets, in the whole rank multitude of Mr. Mackenzie's 'underworld,' the irritation of sensation which adolescents naturally seek. Here may curiosity be half-satisfied, half-stimulated. A Guide to Prostitution could add little to the informations of *Sinister Street:* the dress, the habitation, even the finances of those who have 'gone gay,' are meticulously recorded.

Passed, I am afraid, are the Orient

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

promenade and the underground gilded sty, but their glory is not departed, it is merely transferred, and *Sinister Street* remains sufficiently lively and up-to-date to provoke the youngest and make the oldest feel young again. Do you ask why God gives brains for such a use? I cannot even guess. Mr. Mackenzie astonishingly blazons his book with Keats's famous analysis: 'The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, etc.'— an astonishing phrase for index to this book; whether used in simplicity or in subtle defiance, this also I cannot guess. Clear enough is it that what passes for imagination is no other than the froth of yesty waves of youth. . . . It is a book written, if offense may be disavowed and avoided, by a boy for boys. Mr. Mackenzie himself, in his introductory letter, refers to his study of Russian writers (this in explanation of the length of his novels), and in his epilogical letter he apparently regards the book as a work of art. An author's opinion of his own intention is to be respected, for who shall challenge it? It does but afford an additional ground for judgment and surprise.

To consider *Sinister Street* a mere aberration is an extravagant possibility, but possibility itself is left panting behind *Sylvia Scarlett*. Here, again, the author is generous of space, and here he has not been content to write a guide book. He has chosen a woman for his central figure, and she, unlike the male protagonists of the other books, is no colored cloudy reflection of a reflection. She is no minikin Michael or Guy or Maurice, but a semblable moving figure. Sinister Street is her place of origin, Vanity Fair her scene of action — a world of music halls where farce passes for fantasy and women's dress for an exciting theme. Farce? Sylvia is not only farcical in herself, but is, like Falstaff, creative — the cause of farce in others; and though Book One opens so admirably with a paragraph showing how well the author can follow a good model, farce ensues and recurs and makes her chronicle an amusing thing.

But it is amusing only so long as coarseness is not strained through a child's mind, coarseness of phrase only or more significant coarseness of invention. I say more significant, for whether that worse coarseness is intended or involuntary must be immaterial, save as indicating the particular code against which the offense is primarily committed, the code of manners or the code of art. There is here no such gentleness in the treatment of childhood as distinguishes the earlier chapters of *Carnival*. . . . The point need not be stressed. I dislike the current practice of setting one's wits against the author whose work happens to be the subject of discussion; I don't want to produce an artificial dilemma and pretend that Mr. Mackenzie is inevitably trapped by it. Put it, then, that there are certain obligations of civilized life, and certain obligations of that flower of civilized life which we call art; put it that coarseness of phrase or incident outrages the former, and that an intention to commit that outrage, or an insensibility of having committed it, is equally an offense against the less assertive but not less imperative obligations of art. In a word, the sin is vulgarity, two-edged vulgarity it may be, an offense against both canons or, if you will, both conventions; and the further weight hangs on the charge that it is here committed in the person of a child, and is, therefore, wanton. Shall I add that the immanence of farce just

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spoken of does in a little degree mitigate the cruelty by generalizing the vulgarity? Here is rude, healthy Smollett out-Smolletted, reduced to the uncostly and only half-odious horseplay of a music hall:

> The encouragement put a fine spirit into Danny's blows; he hammered the unfortunate Cohen round and round the room, upsetting table and chairs and washstand until with a stinging blow he knocked him backward into the slop-pail, in which he sat so heavily that when he tried to rise the slop-pail stuck and gave him the appearance of a large baboon crawling with elevated rump on all fours. Danny kicked off the slop-pail, and invited Cohen to stand up to him; but when he did get on his feet, he ran to the door and reached the stairs just as Mrs. Gonner was wearily ascending to find out what was happening. He tried to stop himself by clutching the knob of the baluster, which broke; the result was that he dragged Mrs. Gonner with him in a glissade which ended behind the counter.
>
> The confusion in the shop became general; Mr. Gonner cut his thumb, and the sight of the blood caused a woman who was eating a sausage to choke; another customer took advantage of the row to snatch a side of bacon and try to escape, but another customer with a finer moral sense prevented him; a dog who was sniffing in the entrance saw the bacon on the floor and tried to seize it, but getting his tail trodden upon by somebody, he took fright and bit a small boy, who was waiting to change a shilling into coppers. Meanwhile Sylvia, who expected every minute that Jubie and her pugilistic brother would come back and increase the confusion with possibly unpleasant consequences for herself, took advantage of Danny's being occupied in an argument with Cohen and the two Gonners to put on her hat and escape from the shop. She jumped on the first omnibus and congratulated herself when she looked round and saw a policeman entering the eating house.

Sylvia herself is capable enough as well as universally attractive. The citation just made is from a passage following the second amorous attack upon her, when Danny Lewis threatens her with a knife, and she parries with the water in her bedroom. An earlier lover had retired from a similar contest with his underlip bitten through. When, some time after the knife-and-water episode, Sylvia meets the Oxford type in Philip Iredale, she is sent by him (being still but sixteen) for a year's schooling and then marries him. Coquetting with the Church is followed by flight — alone, it must be added; and indeed Sylvia's whole recorded life is fugitive, a pilgrimage between this world and some other. Three months later her husband's Oxford composure is shocked by:

> 'You *must* divorce me now. I've not been able to earn enough to pay you back more than this [ten pounds] for your bad bargain. I don't think I've given any more pleasure to the men who have paid less for me than you did, if that 's any consolation.'

Adventures repeat themselves. A huge Russian officer bursts into Sylvia's room one night and is pitched out of the window by a couple of acrobats. The war begins and spreads itself over Europe as a background for her passages and parleyings; and maybe the Commander-in-Chief and the General Staff of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force have beguiled many a tiresome after-war hour in pursuing Sylvia's wanderings between places familiarized by their late anxieties.

Sylvia is differentiated from the other women of these novels, not only by her superior capacity for experiences, but even more by her superior volubility. She is, consciously, mind as well as body, and as the narrative goes on and on she develops a passion for monologue — terrifying in any woman, and rare among women whose occupation Sylvia Scarlett's own name is perhaps meant assonantally to suggest. These monologues, recurrent as the farce and more deadly, might be called shortly the jargon. 'I represent the original conception of the hetæra,' she asserts:

> 'He 'll think of me, if he ever thinks of me at all, as one of the great multitude of wronged women. I shall think of him, though as a matter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of fact I shall avoid thinking of him, either as what might have been — a false concept, for, of course, what might have been is fundamentally inconceivable — or as what he was — a sentimental fool.'

She meditates upon the art of Botticelli, whose appeal she seems to think is only childlike, upon the conflict of nationality with civilization. She reads Tolstoi and Dostoievsky, putting Apuleius by, goes to confession, analyzes her sensations, details the errancy of her parentage, and seeks to shock the priest who, when Sylvia acutely suggests that God is 'almost vulgarly anthropomorphic,' can only murmur, 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?' But here is a brief specimen of the almost unbroken monologue to which the priest of the wisest of the churches can make no answer but a profession of the power of the Church:

'I suppose my running away was the direct result of my bringing up, because whenever I had been brought face to face with a difficult situation I ran away. However, this time I was determined from some perverted pride to make myself more utterly myself than I had ever done. It's hard to explain how my mind worked. You must remember I was only nineteen, and already at thirty-one I am as far from understanding all my motives then as if I were trying to understand somebody who was not myself at all. Anyhow, I simply went on the streets. For three months I mortified my flesh by being a harlot. Can you understand that? Can you possibly understand the deliberate infliction of such a discipline, not to humiliate one's pride but to exalt it? Can you understand that I emerged from that three months of incredible horror with a complete personality? . . .'

Sylvia did not wait for the priest to answer this question, partly because she did not want to be disillusioned by finding so soon that he had not comprehended anything of her emotions or actions, partly because there seemed more important revelations of herself still to be made.

Farce at least is unpretentious, but this crude jargon, this retroverted intellectualism, is offensive beyond farce, odious beyond 'delicate indecency.'

It may not be wholly due to perversity if the characteristics of these long biographical novels should overshadow the sharp merits of, say, *Carnival*. *Carnival*, even better than *Guy and Pauline*, may serve as a measure of Mr. Mackenzie's decline from his promise; since, although its conclusion is a disharmony, its best chapters are good enough to cause a reader to sigh over the later novels. Was it, indeed, quite a worthless aim to follow in the footsteps of George Gissing? *Carnival* suggests that a new Gissing might have grown up before our eyes, with a touch of the same veracity, the same mordancy, and a little less than the same humorless and dishumored regard for what is wry and hapless; but *Carnival* stands alone, and the exactions of that difficult sincerity have been put by. . . . Or take, again, *Poor Relations*, the latest of Mr. Mackenzie's inventions. With its ease and brilliant vivacities, with the comedy of its conception, what a delightful play it would make! But might not the comedy have depended — as comedy must — more surely upon character and less upon incident?

The author of *Sylvia Scarlett*, however, has imposed a too-swift facility upon the author of *Poor Relations*. If practice makes perfect, then nothing was wanting to the completeness of *Poor Relations* — but how much is wanting! Admirable are the opening notes, but of the rest too much is a brisk *falsetto*. There is excess in the situations, excess in the characterization, excess in the style:

When he looked at the old lady he could not discover anything except a cold egotism in every fold of those flabby cheeks where the powder lay like drifted snow in the ruts of a sunless lane.

It is equally the virtue and the fault of Mr. Mackenzie that he provokes melancholy regrets, even in the middle of frequent chuckles; and when the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chuckling has died away the shadow of *Sylvia Scarlett* falls upon the book, just as with the same unhappy denigration it is flung backward over the better qualities of the earlier *Carnival*.

Yet *Poor Relations*, like *Guy and Pauline*, is free from the worst flaw of the longer novels, the crude determination to shock, which breaks most starkly through the superficialities of *Sylvia Scarlett*. That is a breach of the code of art rather than the code of morals, an eruptive *épatism* which would disfigure a better book, if it could be found there. Can you conceive a more attractive subject, if you are but three-and-twenty, than the philosophic harlot? Or an easier? I do not suppose that it is less interesting to be on the streets than to be in the Ministry of Food; neither occupation can be objectionable as subject of a novel. It would be untrue to say that the subject of a novel is a thing of complete indifference, and that the treatment is everything; for a writer would not do wisely to forfeit the advantage which a subject might offer him. But neither would he do wisely in exploiting a subject only to excite the curiosity or astonish the simplicity of his reader. Merely adventitious at best is the gain. It is to reduce subject and treatment to their lowest terms, and reject the implicit conditions which confront every writer who would explore the imaginative world where there can be no laws save honor, loyalty, and delicacy.

The scientific writer is secured against deceiving himself or his readers for long; his assumptions can be verified, his deductions precisely analyzed his whole professions rationally weighed. The imaginative and the quasi-imaginative writer have no such security, nor their readers such protection. Traditional values may be inapplicable; it is hard to discriminate novelty from originality. A book that shocks may be as profoundly conceived as *Jude the Obscure*, as cheaply fashioned as *Sylvia Scarlett*. Incident may be prodigal equally in Dostoievsky and Mr. Compton Mackenzie, but significance of incident may vary infinitely. Mr. Mackenzie's incidents have no significance; they remain incidents. His thoughts are insignificant except in so far as they indicate a modern intellectual disvertebration. His view of character is insignificant except in so far as it betrays an adolescent apprehension. Who is Sylvia? you ask, and your author is silent. What is she? and the answer is dispersed among eight hundred garrulous pages.

Amid the booths of his Vanity Fair he moves, not soberly and critically as Christian and Faithful moved, but as one swiftly enchanted by externals. He approaches the field of imaginative art, and I cannot say that his powers and pretensions are such as must discourage entry; but for imagination he learns to substitute invention, chooses the superficial, and does not even trouble to secure the consistency of his characters; Michael Fane's mother, for instance, being declined from an irregular great lady in Volume One to a parish imbecile in Volume Two. He might have chosen otherwise. His alertness, his preoccupation with externals, his fullness of incident, his soft fluency of style might have been flogged into subordination; he need not have been very serious to have taken his work seriously. But all that he promises now is, if the tempting derangement of a line by a modern poet be pardonable:

> A torment of intolerable tales.

Mr. Mackenzie has divagated. The task of presenting reality is left to the scientific mind, and the task of creating another reality to the poetic mind.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*Land and Water*]

THE SOLDIER COMES HOME

BY MARGARET L. EYLES

THE tumult and the shouting died. The Captains and the Kings of the village departed to their homes, and Jim Blair, tired of heroism, tired of the ribbon pinned on his breast, tired of all the fuss, went limping homeward.

He could n't understand it. It was the last thing he would have thought possible that, among all the welcoming faces of the neighbors, so glad that a V.C. was coming home to the village, Emmie's face should be missing. And Emmie's was the only face he had been longing to see during all those war years in the East.

The little street looked just the same as usual when he went along with the halting, uncertain walk of the newly-lamed man. Subconsciously he avoided broken bits of road after three years; subconsciously he looked for landmarks — the red blinds of the 'Three Stars' with lights behind, the lamp burning in the Rector's study, the little glowing pools of ruddy light from living-room windows. But as he came within sight of his own cottage his heart began to beat hard. It was dark! It was the only unlighted cottage in the whole street.

Sudden panic came to him before the unfriendly door, and he stood undecided. Then Emmie came along the road, running. She was breathless, and her hair was all blown about her face in little straggling wisps. Somehow she looked older — much older than three years should have made her.

She stood still in front of him. Her mouth came open, her eyes looked frightened. But he dropped his crutch and leaned on her shoulder.

'Lass!. Eh, lass!' he whispered. 'But I was that hungry for a sight o' yo'.'

'I had to run up th' street, Jim. Could n't help it. I come along to th' station wi' th' Mayor. Then I see you come off the train, Jim, while they was all singing, "God save the King." An' — an' I see where your leg had been chopped off, and how bad yo' looked, Jim. An'— an'— I had to run up th' street again.

'Anyway, I'm back now, lass — and war's over. So that's one good job done,' he said, looking into her face, just a little puzzled by her inarticulateness. She took the key from under the same old plant pot on the window sill and opened the door. Then they were inside the house-place, and there was red fire glow all round them as she led him to his chair — the old, high ladder-backed chair that used to be his grandfather's.

'What'n yo' mean, lass?' he said, sitting down and looking round. 'Had to run back up th' street? Why?'

Perhaps she had forgotten some part of the feast of welcome, he thought, looking over the table. But no — it was all there. The wedding china shone pink and gold, the big glass cakestand with a big home-made cake on top of a fluffy, starched crochet doily, looked very magnificent; the dish of watercress with a little pool of salt in the middle, and the plate of pink sliced ham that meant a highday

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

— all were there, just as they had been on birthdays all their lives.

'What's th' matter, Emmie? Arna yo' glad for to have me back again — wooden leg, an' crutch, an' all?'

She had kneeled down on the shining hearth to brush imaginary dust from the speckless bars, and suddenly he drew her against his knee.

'Glad? Eh, Jim — if I could on'y tell yo'.'

'What's th' trouble, then, lass? There's summat up ——'

Suddenly she was crying, her head on the arm of his chair, her cheeks rubbed against his khaki sleeve, while his hand kept stroking her shining black hair softly.

'Eh, Jim — I thought it 'ud be easy, once yo' was home. I thought so — that I did. An' now —— Oh, Jim, I canna tell yo'! Jim, I'm tore i' two. I've been tore i' two all th' time yo've bin away, Jim. But when I saw yo'— at station, wi' th' Mayor — and where your leg had been chopped off —— Eh, lad, I cannot tell yo'!'

'Lass! dear lass!' he murmured. His arms crept round her, but she tore herself away.

'Jim — it was all along o' th' loneliness. Yo' know I was never one to cohabit wi' others, Jim — never one to poke my nose into other folkses' business ——'

'I know, old woman; I know,' he whispered. 'When I were first courtin' yo'— twelve year come the Primitive Charity Sermons, isna it? — that was what I liked about yo'. A lonely lass — an' I thought, "Jim Blair — yon's th' missus for yo'."'

She smiled faintly through her tears, and then, remembering those old days, wept afresh.

'When yo'd bin out i' them parts— Salonika, Jim, was n't it? — I got that lonely I went working on Brasted's again, i' th' warehouse. On'y I did n't make no friends. They all used to say I was a swankpot. I was n't that. It was just sort of that I were born lonely, Jim — sort of wrapped up, yo' know. But comin' home o' nights, all alone, when th' other girls an' women went along linkin' arms, an' singing — and talking — then th' fire were all gray and dead — an'— an' when I'd cleaned up of a Saturday afternoon there was no one here to notice ——'

'I'm back, now, missus. I'm here to praise it all up, now, lass! Eh, and after them 'uts, an' the shockin' way them foreigners go on, this place seems like a bit o' heaven.'

She shook her head — she was not listening to him, but to a voice in her soul that was talking.

'Nights, Jim — nights were th' worst. There was yo' there, tired out, and lots o' chaps all round yo'. I don't expect yo' had many a night awake, feeling sort of hungry, not i' yo'r belly, but i' your head — an' your arms empty — all night, Jim ——'

'What is it yo're telling me?' he said, suddenly hoarse, drawing her face round to look at it searchingly.

'It was a soldier, Jim. He come i' that lot that was training on th' Moor. I on'y seen him once or twice, Jim — Jim, an' I couldna help it! I were tore i' two wi' th' loneliness ——'

'Do you love him? Are yo' telling me yo' want him?' his voice broke in on her choked words.

'Him? Jim, o' course I dunna love him or want him! I were carried away a bit! I wanted someone who'd be glad when they seen me come up th' road. Just for a few minutes, some days, I felt I'd willingly die just to have someone hold me tight an' kiss me an' say "Dear lass!"— and— once or twice it just happened I felt like that when I happened to meet him. I never felt like that wi' any other fellow, but him an' yo'. Seems to me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men feel like that oftener than women. Then I told him — what had come to me. An' he volunteered for a draft an' cleared off to th' Front. I never seen him again, but he was killed the week before th' armistice ——'

He sat back, pushing her away from him, and she sat down on the hearth rug sobbing hopelessly, while he stared with tragic eyes into the spurting fire. He was thinking that it was a long time since he had seen a coal fire — and how nice coal fires were, when they shone on velvet-polished iron and steel. That was all he could think of for the moment.

'Then, when the little lass came along I felt as if it didna matter at all. It wasna that I didna love yo', Jim! I loved yo' a thousand times more. Always before we'd bin on a level— we just stood up straight together, somehow, i' loving an' i' earnin'— an' there was nothing owing on eaither side. Then, after she came along, it seemed to me as if I owed yo' such a lot. I was fair tore i' two, Jim! One minute I felt wild wi' yo' because yo'd said as we wouldna have kids till we'd got a hundred pounds i' th' bank. Next minute I were wild wi' myself for having done it on yo' like thisen. If I'd have had a kid to love while yo' was away i' th' army, I'd have been all right. On'y all the time — when I used to tell you how I felt about it, you'd used to say what a doing yo'r mother had wi' ten — an' how yo' all had to scratch and starve an' scrape.'

There was a long silence. Suddenly the back kitchen door moved a little and a big gray cat came through. She stared at the soldier, blinked at the fire, and, purring, rubbed her neck against his one leg. He stroked her head mechanically, and she stalked back across the floor.

'Jim — was n't yo' ever hungry — an' worked up like I get sometimes?' she whispered, very red and shy and choked.

He nodded, and started. His mind switched back to things he would n't have told her about, things that had happened when he, too, was lonely, out there in Salonika and the East. He, too, went red and felt choked. These two had never talked about feelings before; there was something almost indecent about it to their minds; one just did things; one did n't feel, and think, and reason out causes and effects. At least — not until this war came, with all its loneliness and its teachings.

'Jim — yo' see, lad, when a fellow's hungry like that it seems to me just as if a snack 'll satisfy him. Then he forgets all about it, an' there's no consequences. But with a woman it's more than that ——'

'Aye, lass,' he whispered.

The cat came padding, velvet-footed across the floor, very slowly, carrying something in her mouth. With a mighty effort she bounded on to the soldier's knee and deposited a small, furry bundle on the crook of his arm. It was a tiny kitten, its eyes still closed. Purring violently, she rubbed her head on his arm and then bounded back across the floor.

He looked at the kitten with unseeing eyes as its head moved blindly about, and its tiny mouth opened to cry. Then the big gray cat came back with another one, putting that too on his lap.

When they were both settled to her satisfaction, she lay down beside them, and washed them both thoroughly. The man gave a sudden, hoarse, little laugh.

'Looks mighty proud of herself, th' old girl does,' he said.

'Yes, they're her first lot. I always kep' her shut up, because I didna

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

want th' trouble o' kitlings about. But her got that spiteful an' vicious ——'

'Women-folks is funny things,' he said, stroking the cat.

She looked up quickly, hopefully. His eyes, roving, saw a saucer on the table, against his cup — it was a saucer new to him. Teddy bears and blue ribbons were painted on it. Round the edge was the alphabet, and 'Baby's Plate.' Little bits of rusk were broken up in it, as if waiting. Something about that little simple meal hurt Jim. It looked so meek — as though the little person for whom it had, quite mechanically, been prepared, demanded so very little of life.

'Jim — it's something cruel, how funny women-folk are! Men don't know. They'll never understand. Seems to me women-folk do things all of a sudden — like as if — like as if a wave rises up in them in a minute and has to burst. And then they argue it out wi' theirselves, and persuade theirselves it's all right. To-day, afore you come, I felt as saucy as anything about baby. I was going to have her sitting here when you come in, and try to cod you it was a nurse child I'd took to — just for a bit, till I seen how you took it. I was going to tell you it was n't in nature to expect a woman to give up her first child, no matter how she got it! Like old Tabby here — no power on earth'd have made me drownd them kitlings of hers. Then I seen where you'd had your leg chopped off and — a sort of look in your face, an' I simply took an' run up to Mrs. Warslow's with her. I just put her in there — I felt I could n't tell you! Oh, lad, I'm tore i' two. There's yo', lad. This war's taught me how I love yo'. An' there's baby. I canna choose, lad. Sometimes I feel as if I wisht I was dead — because I'm tore in two, between the two of yo'.'

Something clattered in the back yard, and a cat started miaowing. The gray cat looked up a minute, blinked derisively at the fire, and settled down again kneading with her paws on Jim's arm contentedly.

Jim sat very still, thinking. Something seemed to have gone, then, out of his life. He felt that he and Emmie could never be the same again. She'd 'gone wrong' as they called it. And she'd a child to show for her going wrong! That was the big thought. It was n't his child. He had said they must n't have children till a hundred pounds in the bank should give them freedom from the heavy grind of his boyhood's days.

And here were the kitlings, and the contented old cat who blinked and went to sleep now she had her kitlings, instead of getting vicious every time a cat next door called.

He stroked the cat gently with one finger. Emmie watched him hungrily.

'I was up a whole night wi' her, when them kitlings come along. Rare and bad, she were — it's agen nature to let a cat wait all them years for her first kitlings — and women-kind's the same all the world over ——'

He said nothing. His mind was far away — thinking of those foolish, warm, scented nights out East when he had been lonely — and hungry. Then his eyes wandered round the room again, and came to rest on the little pile of rusks — the little, meek feast.

Suddenly he stood up, reaching for his crutch, pulling his cap straight. She stood up, too, dumb with fear and pleading.

'Get yo'r hat on, lass. We'd best fetch that kid fro' Warslow's afore it's too late. My mother'd always used to say never keep 'em out after the sun's gone down — and she'd had ten, so she ought to know.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ARTS AND LETTERS

THE one notable book of the dull season following the high tide of mid-winter publishing, has been John Maynard Keynes's, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, a book which has already been noticed in the LIVING AGE. Perhaps the most interesting bit of literary gossip is the introduction of the American poet, Mr. Vachel Lindsay, to London readers and audiences. The presentation is probably due to Mr. Robert Nichols who became a friend of Mr. Lindsay's and an admirer of his verse during his travels in this country. The *New Statesman* has printed *The Golden Whales of California;* the impeccable *London Mercury* has given *Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan* to the studios of Chelsea and the general reading world; and long and friendly reviews of a collection of Lindsay's poems issued by Chatto and Windus are to be seen on every hand. The reviewer has not yet come upon this English edition, but hopes that it contains the incomparable 'Daniel Jazz.' There is an intensely *American* flavor to Mr. Lindsay. He comes to London in good season. American poetry has been much discussed there of late. From some American review, a London monthly reprints this poem called 'Autumn Night':

'The moon is as complacent as a frog.
She sits in the sky like a blind white stone,
And does not even see Love
As she caresses his face
With her contemptuous light.
She reaches her long white shivering fingers
into the bowels of men.

. . . . . .

She is Death enjoying Life,
Innocently,
Lasciviously.'

and at the end of it remarks:

'Of this kind of thing, usually done with a little less force in the images, but always meandering, stupid, and utterly unrhythmical, good American journals have lately been full. It has ceased to be amusing; but we don't think that anybody need be alarmed; nobody can like it, and in the end those who, from restlessness or fear, have pretended to will revolt against a diet of wind and sawdust and return to something more palatable.'

Now contrast this pale wrath with Lindsay's account of 'the tribe of wonders,' who, in 1896, 'leaped the Mississippi' to hear 'the elephant plutocrats' scourged with 'barbed wire from the Platte.'

'These creatures were defending things
Mark Hanna never dreamed:
The moods of airy childhood that in
desert dews gleamed,
The gossamers and whimsies,
The monkeyshines and didoes
Rank and strange
Of the cañons and the range,
The ultimate fantastics
Of the far western slope,
And of prairie schooner children
Born beneath the stars,
Beneath falling snows,
Of the babies born at midnight
In the sod huts of lost hope,
With no physician there
Except a Kansas prayer,
With the Indian raid a-howling through
the air.'

To see this in staid British type is surely a sign of an intellectual entente!

ON the eighteenth of January last, Mr. Austin Dobson celebrated his eightieth birthday. Under the heading, 'Literary Intelligence,' the editor of the *London Mercury* writes:

'The quality of Mr. Austin Dobson, both in verse and prose, is curiously out of sympathy with the general tendency of literature to-day. In prose — though we admit that his essays have had numerous and distinguished admirers, Mr. Balfour, if we remember right, having once praised them above his poems in the House of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commons — in prose he seems to us to sacrifice freedom of movement to an intensely meticulous accuracy and to a desire to leave no fact unrecorded. But in verse Mr. Austin Dobson is, in his own restricted field, unsurpassed. He carries on, through the second half of the nineteenth century, the tradition of Prior and Anstey and Praed. It may be said that his poems are metrical pastimes, but he lifts them to the dignity of poetry. His happiest pieces are so polished, so delicate, and so felicitous that not a word in them could be altered; they are, of their own kind, perfect, and perfection is not relative but positive. So long as the English language survives there will be readers of *The Ballad of Beau Brocade*. We wish Mr. Austin Dobson many more years, and we hope that he will yet be encouraged to give us specimens of his graceful penmanship.'

PROBABLY the first of the new 'chronicle plays' which Mr. John Drinkwater's *Lincoln* has made familiar to us, is M. Guitry's *Pasteur*, played in Paris last year. M. Guitry has lately produced a second play based on a real personage — Beranger the poet. Unlike *Pasteur*, the *Beranger* play is a play built on the accepted model. It is an amiable, kindly picture of France of the thirties, with its comfort-loving, decent bourgeoisie, its literary revolutions and intrigues. The cast gives us Beranger, his Lisette, the great M. de Talleyrand, larking students, singers, tub-thumping radicals, and all the rest of it. It has been very friendlily received.

A NOVEL has lately been published in Paris which gives a French picture of the American negro problem. The title of the book is the queer *Romulus Coucou* *; the author, M. Paul Reboux. M. Reboux has printed on his black and white cover the words 'roman nègre.', According to the reviewer of *L'Echo de Paris*, *Romulus Coucou*, unlike *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is not a propaganda novel.

It deals with a white woman, a Parisienne, whom destiny has transplanted to New Orleans. There she falls in love with a mulatto, one Romulus Coucou. The affection is reciprocated. The race problem rises. Should a white woman marry a negro? M. Reboux avoids discussion, and leaves the answer to his characters. Jacqueline, the woman, enters into a *liaison* with her lover. He brings her into the negro world, and she loves him the more on finding him superior to it. She is particularly moved by his childishness. But Jacqueline's brother intervenes; she yields to his counsels, and abandons her lover. Later she becomes a mother. The mulatto, half distracted, steals the child, and is lynched. The critic thought the book 'exceedingly amusing' and was grateful to M. Reboux for having hid the tragedy away. The tale includes glimpses of negro life in New Orleans, revival services, *levée* scenes and the like. It is having an extraordinary success.

* Ernest Flamarion, editor.

THE following account of the theatre in Japan appeared recently in the *Times:*

'Nothing in Japan reveals the characteristics and the tendencies of the people so well as the Tokyo stage. The overflowing audiences at the five big theatres, the numerous secondary playhouses, and the countless little places of amusement testify to the enjoyment and relaxation afforded by the plays that are changed each month.

'There is, therefore, no better means of understanding the Japanese people than by observing this expression of their tastes, and no surer way could be found to make Japan understood in Western countries than by the appearance of the Tokyo actors upon the stages of London, Paris, and New York.

'The Tokyo stage holds much for the West in its fine plays and talented players. Baiko, Koshiro, Sojuro, Sonosuke, and Kanya of the Imperial Theatre are names to conjure with in Tokyo, but none of them have ever been outside their own land. Utayemon, Uzæmon, Danshiro, and Chusha are veteran actors of the Kabuki-za and idols of the people. Kikugoro and Kichiyemon, the leaders of the young players, have large followings. Ritsuko Mori, the leading actress of the Imperial, has well earned the appreciation of the public, since the profession has been open to women only within the past ten years.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ganjiro, of Osaka, the finest actor in the land, heads the actors of Osaka.

'It remains a puzzling question why all this array of actor talent has not yet secured recognition in Western countries. It is largely because the general belief in the West is that the Tokyo stage has nothing to offer. This is a great mistake.

'While Japan's dramatic genius has not developed along the lines of the purely intellectual drama of the Occident, her actors are the product of the most remarkable stage discipline in the world, and the whole art of the Japanese theatre is done with so much heart that it should be a revelation to the West.

'Many popular plays upon the Tokyo stage reflect the everyday life of the people. They are rich in human nature, and are as romantic and sentimental as the West could desire. There is also a realism that rivals that of the West, especially when it comes to conflagrations, earthquakes, snowstorms, combats, and ghostly appearances. But on the other hand there is a remarkable excursion into the realm of the unreal, and grotesque characters cut out of the cloth of exaggeration form the characteristics of the many quaint plays that have been handed down to posterity by the nine stars of the Ichikawa family, the actor line that has contributed more than any other to the development of the Japanese theatre. And there is the fine possession of the Japanese stage, the music-posture pieces, that rival the Russian ballet with their ethereal, graceful, fairy-like creations. Associated with these ballet-like plays is the whole sphere of Japanese descriptive dancing.

'Nothing could be more interesting or instructive for Western audiences than to begin to know something of the art of the actor as it has so long been practised in Japan. Every great actor leaves his mark upon the son or pupil that succeeds him, and the inheritance of style and type is handed on from one generation to another. The training of Japanese actors begins in childhood, and they are given the privilege of acting with their superiors and unconsciously learning all the intricacies of the art of acting, while throughout their entire apprenticeship they are subjected to the discipline entailed by constant appearance before the audience.

'The color craftsmanship of the Tokyo stage also has much to teach other countries. Here are color combinations never seen in the West, rainbow hues caught up from all the odd corners of ancient Asia, that would stir the imagination of Occidentals who have a real hunger for color as shown by the manufactured Eastern plays that are given with so much success in London, Paris, and New York. If the audiences in these great cities who are delighted with such mixtures of Western ideas with a little so-called Oriental color could view the luxury, the gorgeousness, the splendor of the Tokyo stage they would be more than astonished and delighted.

'The international character of the Tokyo stage is also becoming more and more apparent. The capital of Japan is the outpost of Asia and the largest city in the Orient. To the Imperial Theatre have come in recent years American and British companies, but its hospitality to Russian opera, Russian musicians, singers, and dancers within the past few months is an earnest of the future when Russia is herself again, and there will come about an exchange of players between Tokyo, Moscow, and Petrograd. That there will also be established a new relation between the actors of China and Japan seems to be assured, since one of the stars of the Peking stage played this year at the Imperial Theatre, with great success. It must only be a question of time before Japanese actors are invited to play in London, Paris, and New York — an international courtesy that would do much to bring about better understandings between the peoples of East and West.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[To-day]

SUCCESS

BY CECIL ROBERTS

These are your triumphs; first you draw the crowd
And stir it to applause, that long and loud
Flows over you and thrills you, as the waves
Flush the white, daring swimmer when he laves
His limbs with rapture in the morning sea;
So flushed you climb again — most daringly
Laugh in the faces smitten with surprise
That see a timid youth now strong and wise
Conquering life with insolence sublime
That shocks the reverential sense of Time.
And I, who watched, knew how within you burned
Not rapture, nor delight, for I discerned
Under the graciousness of all your ways
The vengeance glowing from the stricken days
When those who now applaud had mocked your dreams.
One day you will return again, the streams
Will sing within your blood, old books and friends,
The sacred silence when the twilight ends,
Will call you back again to live the life,
Fulfill your dedication. Now the strife
Is yours, and you exult, and climbing still
Enslave the crowd beneath your potent will,
And nearer grows the day that you desire
When they shall see your scorn, for you aspire
And sway their world of petty facts; being blind
They cannot see the quiet smile behind
The strength they worship in you, nor can guess
How you are sick with all their littleness;
But they will know your scorn in full one day
And watch you fling their tawdry toys away
For your last triumph is renunciation,
And your revenge to see their consternation
When they shall learn the dreamer was not weak
And valued more the things they could not seek.

MALEDICTION

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

Thrush, across the twilight
Here in the abbey close,
Pouring from your lilac-bough
Note on pebbled note,
Why do you sing so,
Making your song so bright,
Swelling to a throbbing curve
That brave little throat?

Soon, but a season brief,
The lice among your feathers,
Stiff-winged and aimless-eyed,
With song dead you shall fall;
Refuse of some clotted ditch,
Seeking no more berries;
Why with lyric numbers now
Do you the twilight call?

In the song I hear it,
The thud of a poor feathered death,
In the swelling throat I see
The splintering of song —
What demon then has worked in me
To tease my brain to bitterness —
In me who have loved bird and tree
So long, so long?

Until I come to charity,
Until I find peace again,
My curse upon the fiend or god
That will not let me hear
A bird in song upon the bough
But, hovering about the notes,
There chimes the maniac beating
Of black-winged fear.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Leading FIRE INSURANCE Co. of America"

1819

1920

WM. B. CLARK, President

One Hundred and One Years of Service

Losses Paid over

$183,000,000

FIRE	TORNADO
MARINE	PARCEL POST
AUTOMOBILE	REGISTERED MAIL
SPRINKLER LEAKAGE	CIVIL COMMOTION

Agents at All Important Points

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

FOR NEXT WEEK WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

Political Stability in Italy: The Italian Socialist Programme, from *Nuova Antologia;* **Agitated Italy,** from the *Neue Freie Presse;* **Trading with Russia: What Has Russia to Sell?,** from the *Berliner Tageblatt;* **Lloyd George and Russia,** from *Le Temps;* **Three Emperors and a 'Traitor': Tsar Nicholas II,** from the *Neue Freie Presse;* **Emperor Franz Josef,** from the *Neue Zurcher Zeitung;* **The Kaiser at Amorengen,** from the *Berliner Tageblatt;* **A Royal Traitor,** from *Germania.*

A GREAT STORY TELLER: Herman Melville

By Viola Meynel

MR. CHESTERTON'S BOOK ON DIVORCE

REAL PEOPLE IN BOOKS — *By J. C. Squir*

THE UNEARTHLY NOTE IN MODERN MUSIC

AN ESSAY ON EYES — *By Claude Tessie*

CHAINS: A Scene from a Play — *By Georges Bourdo*

A NEW COLLECTION OF ENGLISH PROSE

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly, fill out coupon below.

.....

The Living Age,
41 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $6.00 for my subscription to THE LIVING AGE for one year, beginning.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....CITY.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED